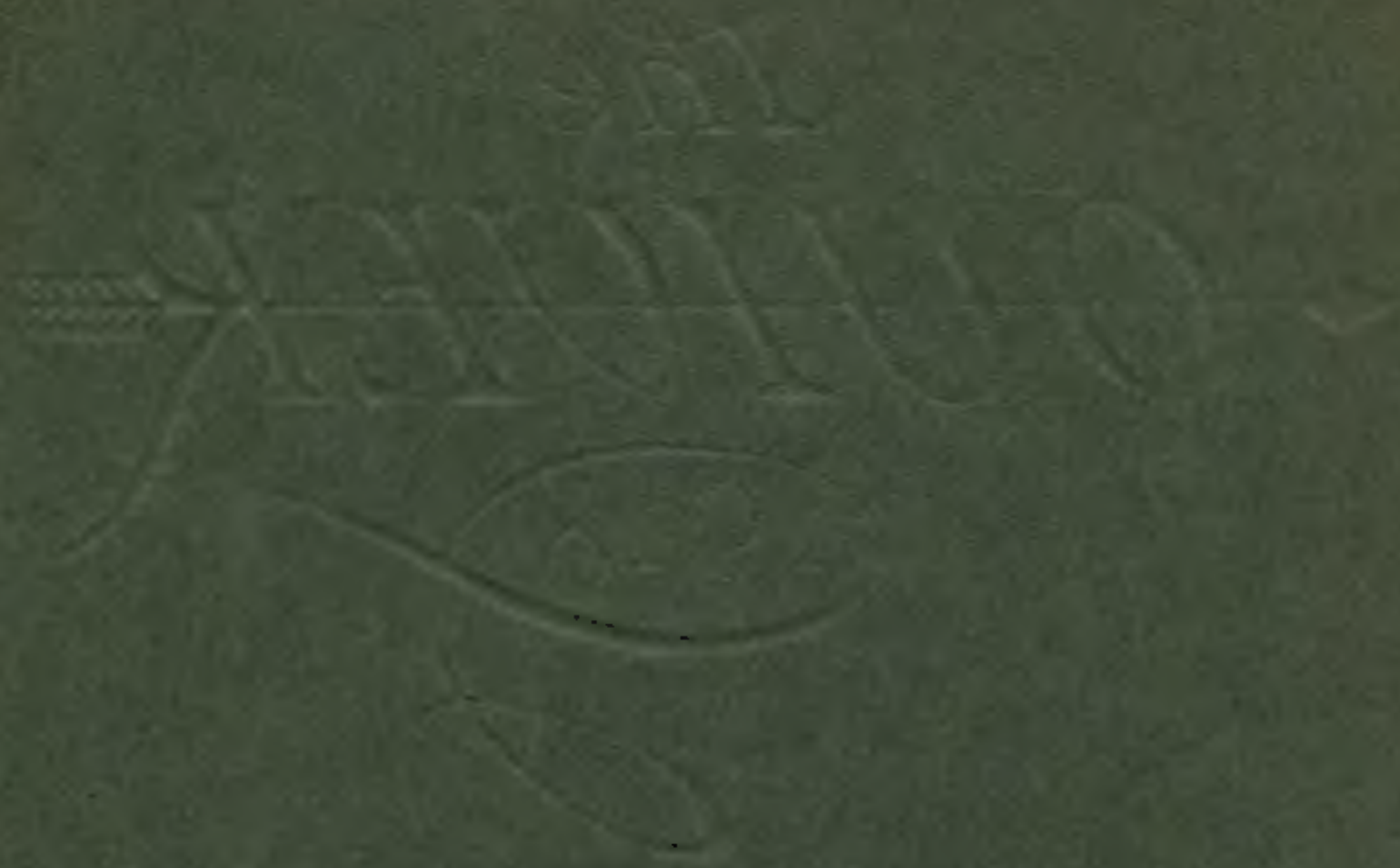


*The*  
*OVER*  
1918







Gift of  
Ray Lamoreaux  
70 Fairgrove  
Pontiac Mich  
Apr 77 1918



# B. SIEGEL CO'S.

IS THE LARGEST EXCLUSIVE  
OUTER GARMENT STORE  
IN THE WORLD.

**FOR WOMEN, MISSES and CHILDREN**

Largest in stocks, largest in floor space, largest in its annual receipts and output of goods, and yet there is something more besides just the tremendous bulk of its stock. It is the store "Where Fashion Reigns," where the earliest styles of each season are first seen; where originals and replicas from the most noted of world fashion designers find a worthy place. Every garment in stock is of first quality, fully guaranteed, and priced exceedingly moderate. Your patronage is earnestly solicited.



# **“Always to the Front”**

**NOT ONLY IN ASSISTING THE HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS  
IN GETTING OUT THIS BEAUTIFUL BOOK  
BUT ALSO IN**

**General Insurance  
and Real Estate**

**Ellsworth-Cummings-  
Moloney Co., (Inc.)**

**VET S. MOLONEY, Manager**

**66 S. Saginaw St., Gaukler Block, Ground Floor Office, Phone 101**

## **MEMBERS OF**

**Pontiac Insurance Exchange  
National Association of Insurance Agents  
Michigan Association of Insurance Agents  
Insurance Federation of Michigan  
Michigan Association of Real Estate Dealers**

# The Quiver

*The Annual Publication*

*by the*

SENIOR CLASS

*of the*

Pontiac High School

*nineteen hundred and eighteen*

STEWART T. BEACH,  
*Editor-in-Chief*

WILLIAM H. SEELEY,  
*Business Manager*



# INDEX.

\* \* \*

	Page
"To Our Comrades in Arms"—Poem.....	6
Quiver Board.....	7
Faculty.....	9-11
Seniors.....	12-30
Juniors.....	31-32
Sophomores.....	33-34
Freshmen.....	35-36
Seniors.....	37
Editorials—"Carry On".....	38-39
"Bend or Break".....	40-42
"The Dreamer and the Dream".....	43-44
"A Vision of the Future".....	45-46
"Shall German Be Dropped from Our Schools?".....	47-48
"Up and Down the Hall".....	49-50
Roll of Honor.....	52-53
History of Class of 1918.....	53-56
"Life's Two Interpreters"—Poem.....	56
Events.....	57-68
Literary—"Above the Clouds".....	70-72
"Gassed".....	72-77
"Soldiers of Dawn"—Poem.....	78
"A Voyage to Angola".....	79-82
"When Spirits Walked".....	83-88
"Life at Great Lakes".....	89-90
Organizations.....	93-118
Athletics.....	119-134
"Ticklings".....	135-152
Advertisements.....	153-200

NOTE:—Page 37, pictures of Townsend and Youngs should have appeared on page 30 as Seniors.







To "Our Boys"  
The Students and Alumni  
of the  
Pontiac High School  
Who are enlisted in the service  
of their country.

We, the class of 1918, dedicate this volume, with a feeling of the highest gratitude for the patriotism which has prompted them to enter this struggle for World-Wide Democracy.

## *To Our Comrades In Arms*

---

One day a call came and you went away!  
We miss your voice, your smile, your clasp of hand,  
Sometimes it seems we can not understand  
That you will not be coming back today.

Within the quiet of our peace-clad hills,  
We can not know the paths that you must tread.  
Here, with the living all about us so,  
We can not guess the greatness of the dead.

You went away with calm and fixed resolve,  
No love of treasure drew you from our side,  
No dream like Jason's of the gleaming fleece,  
You heard the summons and were satisfied.

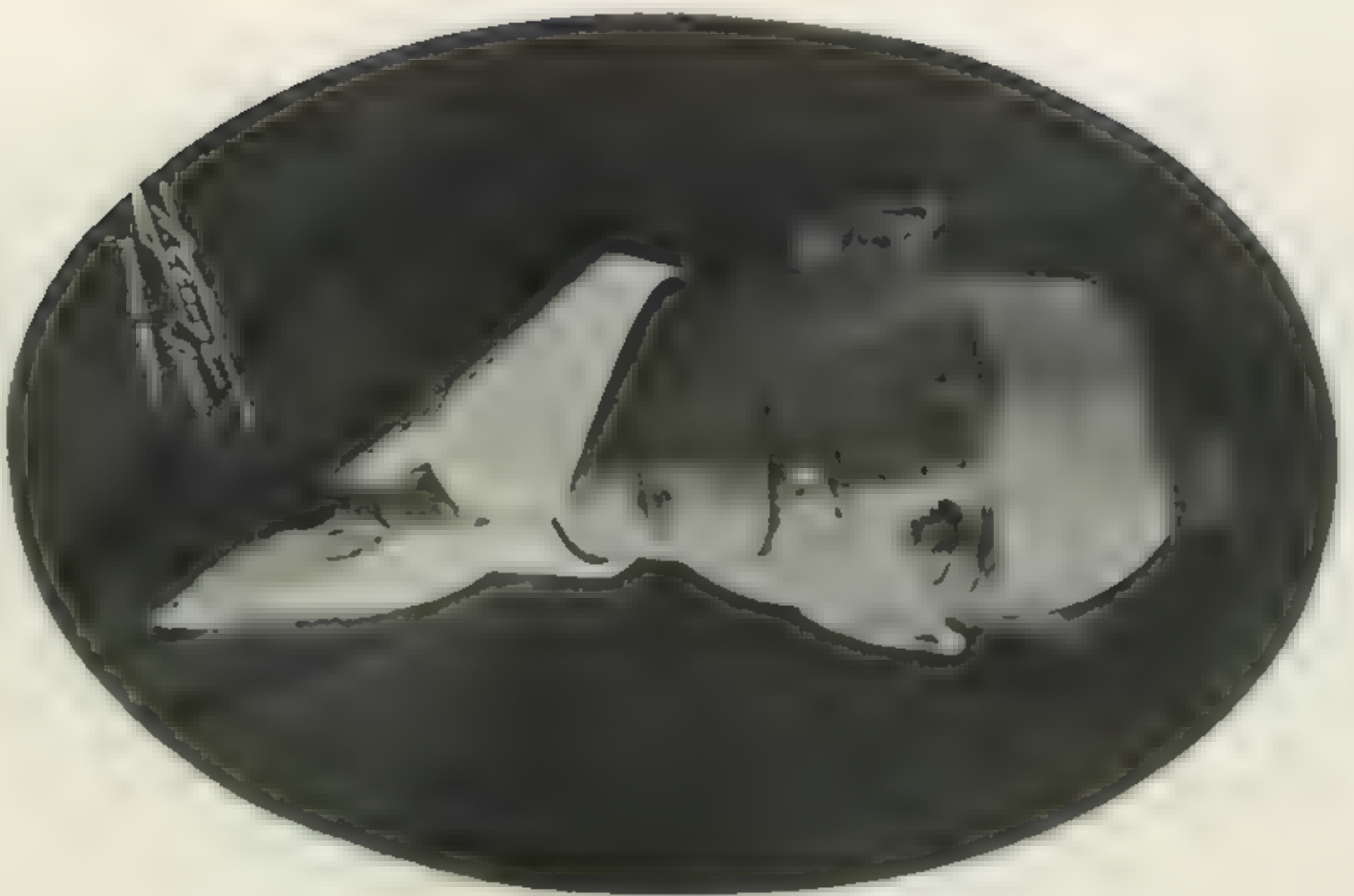
And you will come back to us from the strife  
Or sleep beneath the stars on foreign shore,  
But our faith's with your battle for the right,  
Our hearts are in your cause forevermore.

So from the scenes you love we send our "Hail  
And God-speed" as we lift up hands of prayer  
For you who follow where Old Glory leads,  
Our comrades fighting for us over there!





"QUIVER"



G. L. JENNER  
Superintendent of Schools



S. M. PRIDLEY, A. B.  
Principal  
Mathematics





Faculty

"QUIVER"





## "QUIVER"

G. L. JENNER,  
Superintendent of Schools

S. M. DUDLEY, A. B. (Principal)  
Mathematics

SARAH McCARROLL,  
French and English

ORA TRAVIS, A. M.  
Latin

EVERETT R. PHELPS, A. M.  
Physics and Chemistry

MAUDE I. VAN ARSDALE, A. B.  
Mathematics

AGNES M. FISHER, A. B.  
Botany and Physiography

MAY B. DERRAGON, A. B.  
English

BLANCHIE AVERY, A. B.  
English and French

PAULINE HARRIS,  
German and English Grammar

DALE C. ALLEN, A. B.  
Mathematics

ETHEL LEIGHTERNESS,  
English

C. ANTHONY LEFEVRE,  
Manual Training and Wood  
Turning

BESSIE CARPENTER, B. S.  
Commercial Arithmetic and  
Penmanship

ALICE HARPER,  
Sewing

GRACE HEITSCH, A. B.  
English and Mathematics

SARAH LE ROY,  
Latin

MARY BARNETT, A. B.  
History

ZELLA WALKER, A. B.  
History

MRS. MILDRED F. KINSEY, B. S.  
Cooking

MABEL HINDS, A. B.  
Mathematics

MAY O'HARA,  
Shorthand and Typewriting

MRS. FRANK BEACH,  
Girls' Physical Director

JOHN C. SPRINGMAN,  
Bookkeeping

SOPHIA EATON,  
Girls' Sewing Instructress

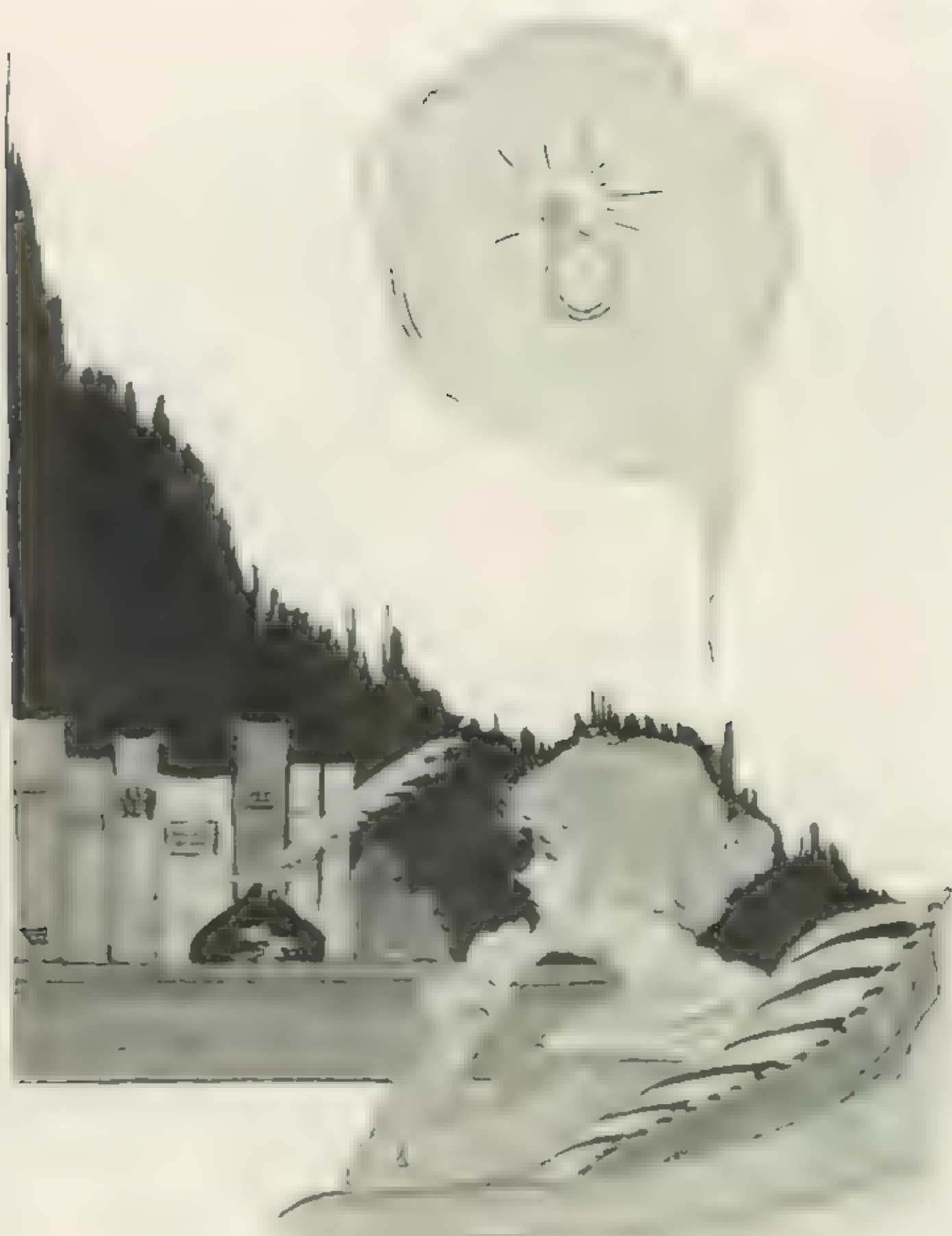
MRS. MARY E. CHRISTIAN,  
Drawing

GRACE A. CHRISTIAN, A. B.  
Spanish and English

GOODLOE H. ROGERS, LL. D.  
Boys' Physical Director, Coach

HARRY QUAYLE,  
Music Director

EDGAR J. EBBELS,  
Director of Elocution



# Seniors



## "QUIVER"



**ADDIE LAMB**  
Treasurer



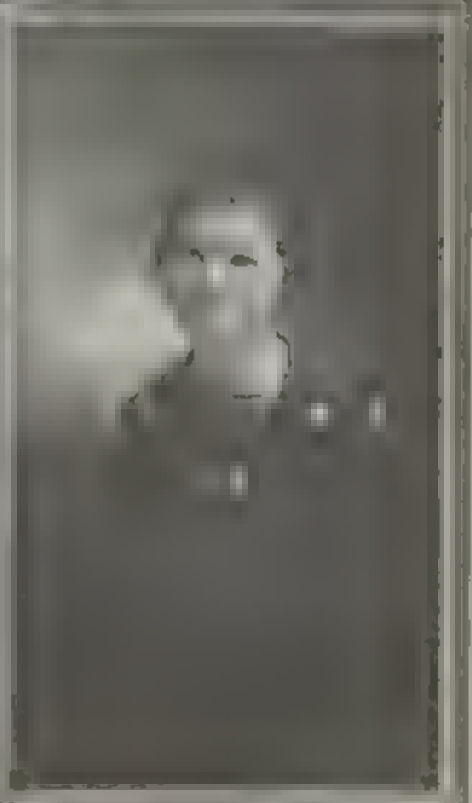
**MERRITT LILLIS**  
Auditor



**IVAN FRENCH**  
Vice President



**MARIAN PATCH**  
Secretary



**DONALD FILDEEW**  
President

## "QUIVER"



**ESTHER RENSHAW**  
Chorus

**MARIAN CHAMBERLIN**  
Chorus  
Property Mgr. S. D. C.  
Booster Club



**EDWIN KINNEY**  
Athletic Editor 1918  
"Quiver"  
Football (1)  
Captain Basket Ball  
Team (1)  
Baseball (1)



**MARIAN PATCH**  
Secretary Senior Class

**HELEN HUBBELL**  
Chorus



## "QUIVER"



**MARGARET POOLE**

Class  
S. D. C.

**LULLA MULLER**

Class  
S. D. C.

**FLOYD McDOUGALL**

**ETHEL LYTLE**

**FLORENCE CARROLL**

Class  
Chorus Girls  
S. D. C.

Class  
S. D. C.  
Chorus



**GLADYS FLICKINGER**

Chorus  
Upper Right

**MERRITT LILLIS**

Football (1)  
Baseball (1)  
S. D. C.

**ARTHUR FERRAND**

**RALPH HUMPHRIES**

**ANNA HALLACK**

President N. D. C.  
Glee Club  
S. D. C.  
Excellent Short  
Story Medal



## "OLIVER"



**HARRIET COLEMAN**

Anti Editor 1918

Editorial Staff

Editorial Staff

S. D. C.

Chorus

Pres. Girls' Glee Club

**STEWART T. BEACH**

Editorial Staff

Editorial Staff

Editorial Staff

Editorial Staff

Editorial Staff

Editorial Staff

Editorial Staff

Editorial Staff

**LORRAINE JOHNSON**

Chorus

Booker Club

Sec'y Sophomore Class

**HAROLD DECKER**

Band

**MARIAN STEVENS**



**MILDRED FORSYTHE**  
Junior Appointment  
Chorus

**DONALD FILDEN**  
President Senior Class  
V. B. (1)  
Student Mgr. Athletic  
Association

**KATHERINE  
BEARSDLEE**  
Editor  
Student N. D. C.  
Editor  
Junior Class  
Vice-President N. D. C.  
"Scrap of Paper"

**WILSON LYONS**  
Band  
Orchestra  
Senior Appointment

**MARGARET LYNCH**  
Chorus  
Booster Club



## "QUIVER"



**CLYDE ALLEN**

Pres. Sophomore Class  
President Junior Class

**WINIFRED NEWTON**



**MADELEINE  
HAZELTON**

Editor 1918 "Quiver"  
"p. of Paper"  
S. D. C.  
State I. dition Con-  
test 1. C.



**JAMES C. GULLIOT**

out Business Mer  
C. S. "Quiver"  
Treas. Freshman Class

**EDITH PERRY**

Chorus

## "QUIVER"



**ALBANY KIRBY**  
Basket Ball (C)



**WM. B. BUTTOLPH**  
L. Hon. Mgr. 1917-18  
and 1918-19  
Pres. Freshman Class  
Troquers Debating Club



**HAZEL SNIDER**  
Junior Appointment  
for Appointment



**BRUCE BUCHANAN**  
Secretary Troquers De-  
bating Club



**THONE HARRIS**  
Class

**"QUIVER"**



**FERRIS WALKER**

Basket Ball (3)  
Football (2)

**HELEN ROCKWELL**

Chorus



**MORLEY CAMERON**



**GALEN BLAYLOCK**

**GEORGIA  
HARRINGTON**

Chorus



# "QUIVER"



**MINNIE ST. JOHN**  
Chorus

**PAULINE SPRING**

**CHARLES PORTER**  
Lead  
Chorus

**GRACE DOUGLASS**  
Junior Appointment  
Senior Appointment

**PAULINE SHATTUCK**  
Booster Club  
S. C. C.

## "QUIVER"



**OLIVE BOARDMAN**

Chorus  
S. D. C.  
Glee Club  
Society of Paper  
Society of Paper



**CLARIBEL FERGUSON**



**RAYMOND TUBBS**

S. D. C.  
Glee Club  
Society of Paper  
Society of Paper



**ERNESTINE FISHER**

Junior 1918  
S. D. C.  
Glee Club  
Society of Paper  
Society of Paper  
Junior Appointment  
S. D. C.



**GRACE SEARLES**

Chorus  
S. D. C.

# "QUIVER"



**BRUCE ELLIOTT**  
Football (1)

**JESSIE SCOTT**

**NAVARRE MARENTAY**  
S. I.

**HELEN TAYLOR**  
Junior Appointment  
Chorus  
S. D. C.

**MAURELL L. BAXTER**  
Joke Editor 1917-18  
"I ———— rwa"  
Int-rt-Artist Pro-  
quois Debating Club  
Chorus





**RUTH VAN CAMPEN**

**ARNOLD SOPER**

Football (2)  
Basket Ball (2)  
Baseball (1)

**GEORGIA KIMBALL**

N. D. C.  
Chorus

**RUTH TYLER**

Junior Appointment  
Senior Appointment

**GUY PHILLIPS**

Troquois Debating Club

## "QUIVER"



**LEONA DAWSON**  
Chorus

**EMMA CONROY**  
Chorus

**AVERY SHEARER**

**HELEN STROUPE**

**JEANNE JUDD**  
Senior Club

**"QUIVER"**



**GLADYS HORN**  
Chorus

**RUTH ALLEN**  
Chorus

**KENNETH SLATER**  
Scrap of Paper"

**PAULINE  
WEYDEMAYER**  
Chorus  
Booster Club

**EDNA COBLEY**  
Girls' Booster Club  
Chorus





**ADDIE LAMB**

Treasurer Senior Class  
Football 1917  
Student Association

**ELIZABETH BENNING**

Chorus  
S. D. C.  
Secretary Booster Club

**IVAN FRENCH**

Football 11  
Vice Pres Senior Class

**JANE BAILEY**

Chorus  
S. D. C.  
Pr Club

**NORMA SPRINGER**

Assistant Editor 1917-18  
"Tom Thru"  
S. D. C.

## "QUIVER"



**MAURICE BOMBAR**

Editor  
Editorial Team  
S. D. C.



**ELIZABETH DAWSON**

Art Editor 1917-18  
"The Quiver"  
Booster Club  
S. D. C.  
N. D. C.



**ZOE VAN TASSELL**

Junior Appointment



**GLADYS ANSCOMBE**

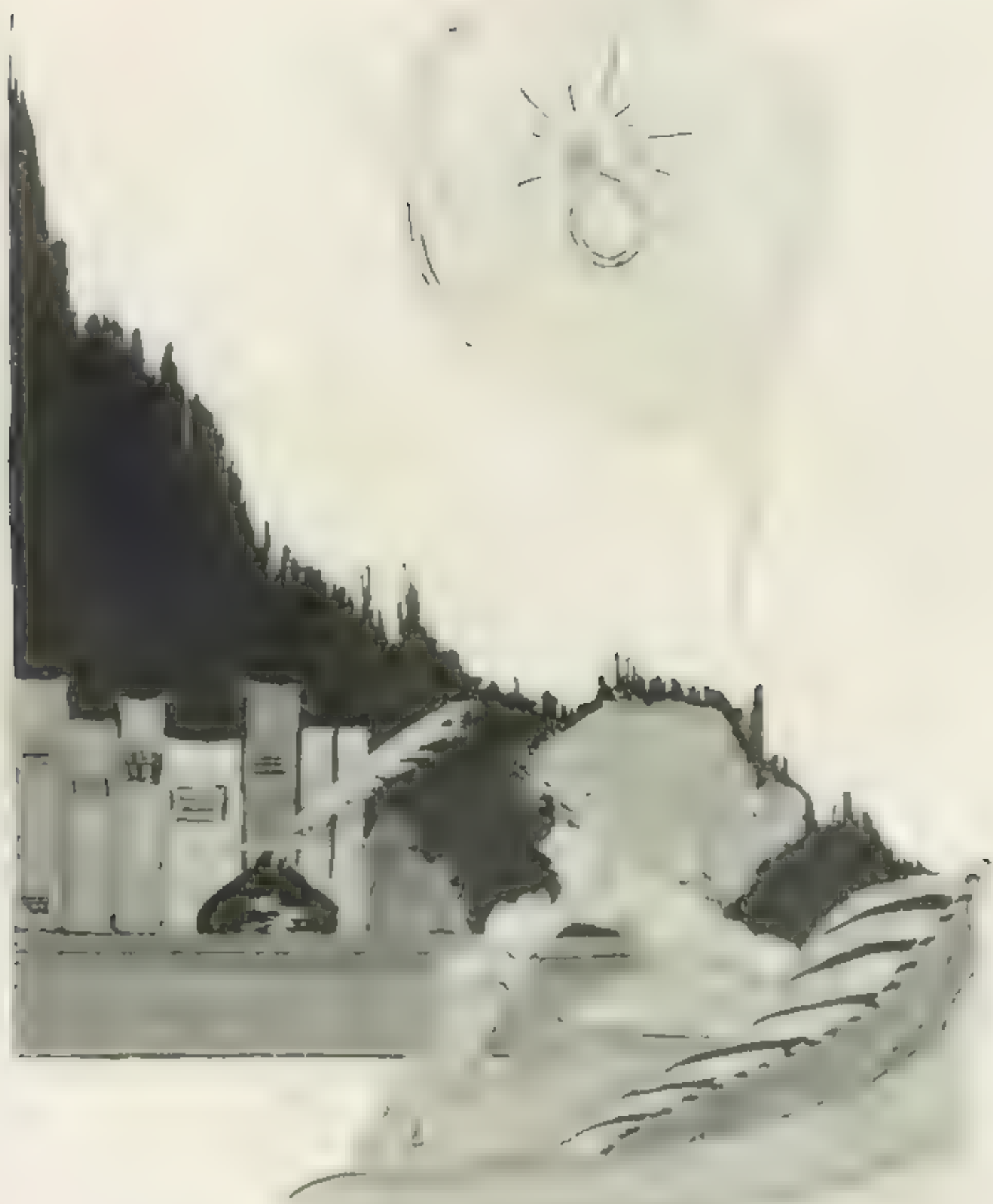
Chorus



**WILLIAM H. SEEFLEY**

Business Manager  
Editorial Team  
Editorial Team  
S. D. C.  
Editorial Team  
Orchestra

"QUIVER"



# Seniors





# *Juniors*

**"QUIVER"**



**GRAY ROBERTSON**  
Vice-President

**DORIS MORELAND**  
Secretary



**DONALD J. BAILEY**  
President



**WM. ARMSTRONG**  
Treasurer

**ANNA STRODE**  
Auditor

"QUIVER"



*Sophomore*

## "QUIVER"



**JOHN WATCHPOCKET**  
Vice-President

**RUTH VAN CAMP**  
Treasurer

**ELIZABETH MILLIS**  
President

**LA MAR BRACE**  
Auditor

**LUCILE MILLER**  
Secretary





# *Freshmen*

## "QUIVER"



**EDWARD SPENCER**  
Treasurer



**FLOYD BOARDMAN**  
President



**DOROTHEA  
CHRISTIAN**  
Auditor



**MANDY  
STEINBAUGH**  
Vice President



**BRUCE ROBERTSON**  
Secretary

## "QUIVER"



Lynch Medal Contest  
School Debating Team  
1918





## *Editorials*

### "CARRY ON"

**A**MONG the various slang phrases which have made their appearance with the men who are fighting "over there" for humanity's cause is one whose broad and far-reaching significance finds application in practically every mode of daily life. Someone, I believe it was the president of Vassar College, has defined slang as "the by-ways of speech—the trodden paths which lie on each side of the established concrete walks." The same man also advances the opinion that we use slang for the same reason that we cross the grass—because it is the quickest way around.

And so it is with "Carry On." We may fumble about for hours in an attempt to discover a phrase which will express the meaning we are trying to convey, and the English Tommy in the trenches already has it in his dictionary of useful expressions.

"Carry On"—what a wealth of meaning is wrapped up in those two small words! As Tommy or Sammy out there in No-Man's Land sees his pal go under with a last gasped "Carry on," what greater spur could he desire to fight to the very death with the Hun. They "carry on" for the pal whom they have just left bleeding—perhaps dead—behind them; for the home they have left back in "Blighty," with all that it holds so dear; for the principles which have led them into the greatest struggle of time; for the government under which they have been reared; but more than this, they "carry on" for the God of Right who



## "QUIVER"

guides the struggle and will bring final victory to the armies of humanity.

How many of us, when we go "over the top" and out into the "No-Man's Land" of the world, will do so with these same words on our lips? How many of us will determine to "carry on" against the glittering bayonets of criticism and the trained fire of veterans of the battles of life? How will you do your part? Will you leap across the parapet with a clear eye and a vow to keep your shield of honor stainless? When the fight is finally ended and men go over the deeds of your life, what will their verdict be? Let us here mightily resolve that when "Taps" are sounded for us on the battle field of life, and we are remembered on the roll of the absent, men will say, "Here is one who has who has fought the good fight. He has 'carried on.'"

S. T. B.



## "BEND OR BREAK"

(A "Fish Story" with a Moral.)

I AM going to tell you of an incident that happened years and years ago, during a very early period of my existence. It doesn't amount to anything, so I shall use all the big words I can lug in to make it sound like something (and incidentally to fill up a couple of pages). It is simply a fish story, but genuine. In fact, it is the only "Fish Story" since the one about "Jonah" that is really worth recording.—(I am surprised that it has not been recorded long ago,—ahem!)

Down near my old boyhood home in northern Indiana, is what is called a "meandering" stream, which "meanders" considerably around through the massine swamps and peat bogs, and finally waltzes across the state into southern Michigan and empties into the St. Joe River. It was known in our section of the country as "Crooked Creek" and was very appropriately named. (It is still crooked.) During the hot summer months, whenever the "Paternal Head" gave his consent, I used to wander down to that stream and fish for anything that looked like a fish. I do not recall catching any great number, but I always had some good healthy stories to tell about how many got away, etc., for at that time in my mental development, my mind was very elastic, and I also had a highly developed imagination,—which helped some.

One hot sultry afternoon in July, during a "lull" in the farm work, I was given a half-day to myself. I decided to go fishing. I had the usual fisherman's outfit,—fishpole, reel, live minnows, bare-footed, turned-up pantaloons, etc. (a la Whittier) and really looked the part of a professional sportsman. With all the paraphernalia that I could lug, I trudged across the fields to the stream. I crept cautiously along the bank, or waded in the stream, intent upon getting a chance at a big fish.

A short distance ahead was a sharp turn in the stream. It was shadowed by a large willow that had grown so that it leaned out over the water. An old log was lying partly buried in the bank, so that it extended out to about the middle of the stream. The current flowed lazily along, forming small eddies as it swung around the end of the log, into the deep cool shadows under the willow.

I thought this the ideal place for a nice big bass to be lying quietly in the shaded waters, waiting for a chance to get his supper by darting out after the minnows as they pass by. I had read in my school geography that "The sea is a field of carnage," and so, I figured, is "Crooked Creek." To test this out I took a minnow from my pail and quietly flipped it just over beyond the old log in the stream into the deep shadowed water. No sooner had it struck the surface then,—SPLASH!—and the minnow was quickly snapped up by a big fish. I then quietly slipped a minnow on my hook, loosened the reel and tossed the baited hook down into the same place. Again as before, a big splash, and my bait was grabbed. The line became taut, the fishpole began to bend, and I realized that I had something on the string. Now and then I caught a silvery gleam of something as it darted

## "QUIVER"

to and fro, cutting some pretty fancy circles in the water trying to escape. My fishpole bent nearly double. Then, as the fish stopped for an instant, the pole would spring back into place. Back and forth and around went that fish. I gave him all the "rope" he wanted. The fishpole bent back and forth like a whalebone whip; but it did not break. It sprung back to its original position each time the fish let up a little. I took these opportunities to wind in some of the line. Gradually the fish tired himself out, and I slowly wound up the reel. It was then an easy matter to quietly lift Mr. Fish vertically out of the water, and land him safely on dry land. It was as fine a specimen of a three-pound bass as I ever saw. (It had scales on its back.)

To describe my deep emotions,—exultation, and exuberance of ecstasy, etc.,—would be impossible. (The English language is too weak.) Suffice it to say that I lived through it to tell the story. (Some of the boys claimed it was a dogfish, but that isn't so.)

Here endeth the "Fish Story."

Now a few deductions from this thrilling (?) incident, applied to our everyday life, and I am done.

We as elements of society can have a great influence and can accomplish a great deal of good in a community if we are willing to "bend" just a little to the other fellow's way of thinking. Not that we should sacrifice principle, nor entirely agree, but there is a diplomatic way of helping the man who is wrong to see that he is wrong without clashing with him. By yielding a little to his viewpoint, sufficiently to get into sympathetic touch; then with tact and diplomacy, we can lead him to see the broader viewpoint, to enlarge his vision, to see himself at a different angle, to get a vision of himself from the angle of the community in which he lives, rather than from "self." If this can be accomplished, a real and lasting good has been done without seeming to dictate or antagonize; therefore no repentment.

Some people are so rigid and so set in their opinions, and stand so straight that they almost tip over backward. They pride themselves on their rigidity, and loyalty to their sacred opinions. Anyone who takes any exception to their pet views has "stepped on their toes" all right. Such persons usually lose out in the long run, for they soon become known as self-centered snobs, interested in no one but "SELF", too stiff and unwieldy to be of service to the community. Society gradually learns to get along without them, and eventually they are forgotten. Their influence has gradually "approached the limit, zero."

This world was not made for any one individual, but for us all. We must be willing to "bend" just a little, to yield just a little to other people's opinions. The ability to bend a little, to listen attentively to the other man's viewpoint, to yield a little if necessary, yet at the same time to gently and logically lead him to see the truth in its broadest sense, is what makes our great statesmen and diplomats. Field Marshal Haig bent his line back from that salient on the western front, retreating in good order, that he might save his men and compel the Huns to come across to him, thus giving the French the advantage. Who shall say that Haig did not show greater generalship by bending a little than to stay on that front salient?



## "QUIVER"

In striking contrast to this class of stiff, stubborn, unwieldy self-centered individuals, is another class who are of the "dish-rag" type. They have no opinions of their own. They take no stand on any question. They do not stand anywhere. Like a weather vane, they turn whichever way the wind blows. They go with the majority. They "rave" and shout "Amen!" if that seems to be the popular thing to do. They have no mind of their own; no line in their spine; no backbone at all. They belong to that class of geological specimens known as the "Invertebrata." They seldom get anywhere. They are like a football being kicked back and forth, but never getting any nearer their own goal than the "Forty yard line." They are so limp and unstable that it would take a heavy discharge from a "Leyden Jar" to make a "favorable impression." Such types are of little or no value to a community. They are easily influenced and so have been a tool in the hands of the "Ward politician" to secure his re-election. (Now that the state has gone dry, perhaps they won't be so easily influenced).

• • •

Students, between these two extremes is the middle ground. That is where you can be of greatest help to society; therefore, that is where you belong. The bending, yielding type of citizens are the most diplomatic, tactful and influential. They bend, but they never break. Those who never bend will eventually break with friends and society. You may not always win out just as you think you should, nevertheless your method is correct. The fact that you may lose out at times may be due to the fact that your viewpoint is wrong and needs a slight adjustment. However, if you lose, be a "good loser." Don't allow yourself to become soured. Don't get peeved. Nothing is gained by that. Simply take what comes your way; smile and bear it like a soldier in the "first trench."

Finally: Disappointments will come to you. They come to us all. They are good for us. Disappointment is discipline. Some people get disciplined in no other way except through disappointment. You can hardly become strong without trouble, nor sympathetic without sorrow. Your four years' training in high school, giving you fixed habits of thought and action, a broader mental horizon and deeper meaning of life, will stand by you and carry you over many a "crisis."

Learn the lesson taught by the deer out on the campus. He has taken whatever has come his way without a murmur. He has borne silently all the sudden publicity and notoriety that has been thrust upon him.

O, Little Deer, do you not long for your native haunts in northern Michigan, among the "murmuring pines and hemlocks" (pine stumps and blackberry bushes), away from this maddening strife of city life? Do you not become weary of trying to keep in style with the ever-changing fickle ideas of your "deer" friends? In less than one month, you have worn three different spring suits with striking colors, yet you have not offered one dissenting note. You have not even "bleated" once.

When we learn this great lesson of patience, endurance and forbearance,—meeting conditions as they come and making the best of it,—we have learned one of Life's greatest lessons, and the secret of true happiness.

Yours truly,  
"SAM."



## THE DREAMER AND THE DREAM

"Though you may forget the singer, you will not forget the song."

A FEW years ago we were told that the only hope of the world was in science; now we find science the greatest foe of the world. A scientific age may give us some artificial poetry, but very little true poetry except from rare souls who rise above the depressing atmosphere of their surroundings. There must always be dreamers,—men who have visions, men who are ahead of the age, or the people must perish, become sordid, artificial, materialistic. The dream may be expressed in art, in architecture, in music, in song. The realization of a dream gave us the matchless Cathedral of Rheims. How the civilized world rose up in astonishment and indignation at its destruction! We are held spell-bound by music as we are swayed by the master musician, but poetry speaks to our very soul.

In classic days we find the poet calling on the Muses to assist him. He was supposed to have an inspiration, the divine rage, before he could indite his noble numbers. In imitation of these old writers we find Spenser in "Faerie Queene" saying, "Descend, ye Nine"; Milton, in "Paradise Lost," saying, "Sing, heavenly Muse." When the inspiration was lacking the poets might have said, "My Pegasus won't fly." But the modern romantic poet gets his inspiration from the things around him—the world of nature, the birds, the brooks, the flowers, the ocean, the mountain, the sunshine and the storm. As Carlyle says, "He has not far to seek." The true poet lives in the realm of the imagination and deals with the emotions rather than with the critical faculties. We read history to learn of the deeds of men and nations; we read literature to learn what vision has come to the man who sees that which we cannot see, who hears the voice we cannot hear. As Carlyle says, "A true poet soul needs but to be struck and the sound it yields will be music." "A true poet is one in whose heart is some one of the Eternal Melodies."

The poet is then the child of Nature and her interpreter. Burns surely was such an interpreter. He says of Nature, "And you must love her ere to you she will seem worthy of your love." His love for the flowers is shown in this quotation: "I have some favorite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain daisy, the harebell, the foxglove, the wild brier-rose, the budding birch and the hoary hawthorne, that I view and long over with particular delight." Every flower has a charmed name. Does Burns not love the birds when he speaks of "the loud solitary whistle of the curlew" or "the wild mixing cadence of a troop of gray plover?" He tells us that he feels an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm or devotion to poetry. Do we feel this in reading his words?—for heart should answer to heart. We have only to read Burns to see the local color of Scotch poetry. "The Cotter's Saturday Night" is an excellent example. No other home-coming is quite like that. The mournful character of much of the Scotch poetry is well portrayed in "Highland Mary" and "Loch Lomond." We find Burns using nature as a background for his feelings when he sings "How can ye chant ye little birds, and I see weary, fu' o' care?" Burns considered solitude a necessity for the poet for he says "The Muse, no poet has found her til, by himself he learned to wander."

## "QUIVER"

Another fine example of local color is the "Canadian Boat Song," supposedly written by Dunlap, a true Celt. We quote a few lines to show the fine Celtic imagery:

"From the lone shieling in the misty island,  
Mountains divide us and a world of seas,  
But still our hearts are true, our hearts are Highland,  
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides."

Coleridge was a master in his choice of melodious words. The verse "A soft floating witchery of sound" may well be compared with Tennyson's verse "The horns of elf-land faintly blowing." In the line from Gray, "And leaves the world to darkness and to me," we find man and Nature in harmony and would classify the picture as literature of melancholy.

We would conclude that the Romantic Poets were close observers of nature and needed only a word or two for accurate description. As examples we have "wild whistling blackbirds," "green-crested lapwing," and the "whirring partridge."

A poet for a long time neglected was the mystic, Blake. He was an artist as well and decorated his own books with engravings. He believed that the world was peopled by fairies, angels and demons. One of his poems begins, "O what land is the land of dreams?" Of all the poets he is, perhaps, the least understood.

Wordsworth was most extreme in his views of nature. He believed that Nature had a conscious soul. It is said that little by little the glories of nature grew upon him until his soul seemed flooded with an unutterable delight. He not only loved nature, but the common people who lived near to nature. A fine example of this respect for manhood in lowly position is the pathetic story of Michael, the shepherd.

We may take Tennyson as the worthy exponent of Romanticism in the Victorian Age. Distinguished by melodious words and a charming versification, he is the poet beloved. Is not this description of a flower perfect, "the little speedwell's daring blue." Do you know the flower? If not, search for it in your rambles; it will repay you.

Possibly most of the good poetry of today is patriotic in tone. Alfred Noyes pays a fine tribute to the English soldier of the present war who sleeps his last sleep on the field of battle, as well as the most chivalrous soldier of Elizabethan days, when he says,

Soldier of England, perfect, gentle knight,  
The soul of Sidney welcomes you tonight.

The Frenchman's love for native land is beautifully expressed in this poetical prose. "The Frenchman speaks of 'La Belle France' and the name of France lingers upon his lips as music trembles on the air after the song is sung."

The tricolor of France united with the red, white, and blue of our United States! What more inspiring vision is there than to see the armies of these two nations marching together to battle for liberty and humanity singing the national songs, "The Star Spangled Banner" and "La Marseillaise?" "Then conquer we must for our cause it is just." "March on! march on! all hearts resolved on victory or death."

SARAH McCARROLL.



## *A Vision of the Future.*

Clyde Auten, '18

A CHANGE is in the air in the minds and hearts of men, for this world, old as it is, is far from being ideal. The world is in bad need of repair and God has probably chosen to bring about the advancement by a terrible catastrophe such as this present war. The betterment of the universe is bound to come, and, as it has come many times directly following great wars, so we may look for tremendous changes which could not have been brought about by any single nation or race of people. These changes must be made simultaneous by all, for the idea of race domination is entirely wrong. The masses now are more intelligent than ever. High-minded men come from the laborers' homes as well as from castles and mansions. All the changes will require time and cause bitter strife, but it is for the welfare of the world, and it is up to the young man and young woman of today to face and solve the problems.

A league of all nations, whose aim will be to prevent such a war as the monstrous one in which we are now engaged, will be formed; but whether or not it will be able to prevent future wars remains to be seen. The tremendous task of settling the demands of all the various nations in Europe will fall upon our heads. The social betterment of all nations undoubtedly will be patterned after the best conditions in our own country. Men will no longer be separated by the distinct classes of labor and capital, although both classes will be required as long as the world exists. The future factories and shops will be more sanitary and healthful. After work, the laborer will be able to spend a pleasant hour or two in the recreation park, or in the public library, if his inclination sends him that way. Profit-sharing will be compulsory.

Women will share equally with men, for equal suffrage is no longer a question for debate. They will compete with men, eliminating the lazy, inefficient fellow of the present day. Their position in the home will no longer be one of drudgery and hardship, and the elimination of vice and drink will lift the fear of wrecked lives through these causes.

The children of the future will be better trained, as changes are already taking place which are raising the efficiency of the brain. A college education will be as common in a few years as the high school training is today, and just as essential. A system will have to be worked out whereby every person may have whatever education he or she may wish and in any branch which they may desire. The cost will be nominal enough to fit all pocket books.

The spiritual side of man is also to undergo a tremendous change, for it does not meet the present day requirements. To-day a man needs something to draw him to the church and keep him there. The present day church is beginning to realize this, and is trying to solve the problem, but it is a big one and will require much work. Churches will be built with many of the conveniences of the modern hotels and athletic clubs. They will be constructed that the room dedicated to God's worship will

## "QUIVER"

not be used for any other purposes. They will include bowling alleys, swimming pools, shower baths, gymnasiums, a roof garden, a large number of bed rooms, a good sized library, and a restaurant. To this kind of a church, the stranger may turn at any time of the day or night and be sure of a comfortable lodging and refreshment at a small cost.

But the greatest of all problems will be the preservation of a lasting peace through the disbanding of the armies and the making of wars illegal. This can never be done until the spirit of Prussian militarism is wiped forever from the world. The dream of world conquest which the Hohenzollerns have entertained must be banished forever from men's minds if this world is to be made safe for democracy, for while the spirit which is driving forward the armies of Berlin exists on the earth no nation is safe. When the war is finally over, when the armies of the Hun have been finally disbanded and his spirit crushed when the entire Hohenzollern dynasty has been put where it can "tell no tales," then and not until then will this world be safe for democracy and humanity.





## *Shall German be dropped from our Schools?*

Pauline Harris.

THIS is a question asked again and again and often answered these days in a very emphatic affirmative. Mere prejudice seems to be back of these answers, a prejudice which is the inevitable result of war-times. Let us try to cast it to the winds and face the matter fairly.

We are tremendously disappointed in Germany. For years our admiration has been unstinted, for her progress in every phase of life, from scholarship to trade, has been astounding. We not only regarded German universities as the home of sound scholarship and of the most advanced work in science and medicine, but we also regarded her cities as models of efficient government and her school system as admirably wise and thorough. This admiration has been wholly untinged by jealousy, since, democrats as we are by nature and inheritance, we know that in spite of all our weaknesses as a people we still hold the one priceless possession which we would not exchange for all the efficiency in the world.

Yes, we are at war with Germany! We have found out that the German government has for nearly half a century not only set about to deceive her own people but also, during the last decade and longer, has enlarged her field of operations in order to hoodwink all peoples—ourselves included—all with the set purpose of becoming a world-power. These aims have been fully attained at home by a painstaking supervision of the German educational system. People are largely what their schools make them and for over a generation now the German people have been going to school to their Kaiser-schoolmasters, who have taught them the most distorted facts and instilled into their minds, along with a chauvinistic love for the "Fatherland," a hatred and envy for all potential foes.

Are they after all so very much to be blamed for their present attitude toward their enemies? We ought to pity them rather, for their loyalty, a virtue for which they have been renowned in history, has become now a most tragic weakness. They find themselves today slaves in mind, body and soul, to their rulers. The German people will learn the bitter lesson that loyalty to a corrupt government which has deprived them of their birthright—idealism and a love for truth, bequeathed to them by their own glorious men of genius, Goethe and Schiller,—is a crime, the effects of which cannot for generations be effaced.

It is no wonder then, in our first feeling of rage at the misery into which Germany has plunged the world, we cry: Away with the German language! Drop it from our schools! Articles in magazines and papers have appeared and even in our own home paper we have read editorials to that effect. But are we not short-sighted after all??

Why is it that England and America have not realized what Germany has been doing the past half century? Is it very much to their credit that they did not know? If more of the leaders of these two countries had possessed a reading and speaking knowledge of German, had had broad enough interests to read German books and newspapers, the two countries could not have failed to note the trend affairs were taking, for everything Germany has

done since the war began has been openly discussed and advocated with characteristic thoroughness for the last ten years. A few English scholars did try to enlighten England, but the leaders were deaf to them or laughed at their warnings, because of their total ignorance of German thought and aspirations.

We as Americans were just beginning to develop a mild interest in affairs across the seas, but after all it has taken this war to show us that no people can live unto itself. Humanity is one and cannot be divided by difference of race or language.

Now that we are realizing this truth as never before is it wise to go backward instead of forward? Let us rather keep German in the schools, if for no better reason than never again to allow our people to be in ignorance of the thought and intent of the German ruling class. We cannot leave the teaching of this language entirely to the college and the university. It is too difficult and too much time elapses before the student becomes proficient.

The German government has seen the wisdom of encouraging its people to great achievements in every branch of human knowledge. How can we expect to cope with our enemies who have accomplished so much along these lines, if we refuse to understand them? How are we to understand them if we cannot read their books and newspapers? Why deprive ourselves of the knowledge of what they do and think, of what they have accomplished?

There is another reason for the continued study of German which can be discussed with more calmness and pleasure. Should we not appeal for the continued study of a great literature whose like is to be found among no other people? It is untouched by the spirit manifest in Germany since 1850 and represents some of the noblest and inspiring thoughts of the world. Goethe and Schiller mark the zenith of its greatness among its poets, Kant among its philosophers, Herder among its religious teachers. Nothing can ever kill the influence of these men on the world's thought. We are surely too sane to deny the coming generation the opportunity of knowing this literature.

The war is not going to last forever. We are not going to shut Germany off in one corner and let her alone. It cannot be done and, even if it could we should by so doing defeat the very principle for which we claim to be fighting—Democracy. We aim to help the German people as well as all others, if we believe in President Wilson's ideal. Therefore, when Germany has learned her lesson in all humility, she must again be recognized and friendship re-established. The fact that we have kept German in our schools will be of great assistance in doing this, both in a practical and in a sentimental way. It is one of the bonds of union which we can easily keep unbroken. In this period of history, when the future opens up to us such awe-inspiring possibilities, when the eyes of men begin to behold with ever clearing vision the glories of a future world based on justice, freedom and brotherhood, let us not hinder its swift coming by our narrow prejudices but help by all means in our power to bring about this new and better world.



## UP AND DOWN THE HALL

"(C)OME UP and take lunch with me at the school today and look us over," said the boy with the loud tie to the man with the red one.

"Done!" replied the man with the crimson neck display, and he did.

"Suppose we sit down here," suggested the visitor, after lunch, "and talk a bit."

The two took up their position in a corner of the hall to have a quiet chat when, "Jumping Jehosiphath!" the man exploded, "How my eyes smart! I am growing cross-eyed, dazed. There seems to be too much color here. Ah," he added, apparently much relieved, "Ah! I see. It's red hair. A boy, I think. Yes, a boy—but what hair! Do you grow many like that around here?" This to the possessor of the aforesaid scarlet adornment.

"No, that's all we have in captivity just now," laughed the latter. Then it was his turn to exclaim, which he did audibly.

"Gosh!" he muttered, "Oh Gosh!" he added in a lower register, at the same time jamming his hands into his pockets and slumping down until barely the "crimson stain" was visible above his coat. His companion followed the boy's scornful gaze and beheld two very attractive young ladies coming down the hall, arm in arm. One was resting her head upon the other's shoulder, and talking very earnestly, and after having convinced her companion of something of evident importance held up her left hand dramatically and displayed a ring. Whereupon the boy with the loud tie uttered in a tone of apparent disdain, "Second time this year," and jerked himself to an upright position. "There goes the first bell," he added.

Up and down the hall young voices floated in school gossip. Here and there were laughing groups of four or five. Between these groups, scattered up and down, young gentlemen were engaged in conversation with the young ladies high in their esteem, while the honored maidens shyly twirled handkerchiefs or pencils.

Suddenly the man with the red tie saw fear enter these happy faces, saw groups broken up and individuals walk rapidly to the session rooms at the end of the hall amid the warning whisper, "The King!"

Around the corner he came, tall, majestic, a man of evident authority.

"Seems to have 'em pretty well trained," laughed the man. "They certainly know when it is their move."

"Huh," grunted the boy, "He makes us all so tired."

"They didn't seem to show any signs of fatigue a moment ago," laughed the man. "Will you please explain," he added a moment later, "what that paper is which the teacher at the table signs. Everyone seems to have one."

"That," said the boy in the sarcastic tone which only a seventeen-year-old can muster, "is the official passport issued by the state department to the session rooms to allow one to pass to a certain room or instructor between the bells. And if you get caught without the papers,—Good night!"

## "QUIVER"

"Oh," said the man with the red tie, "I see. Last bell?" he inquired, as another gong was heard.

"Yeah," said the boy, in a tone which spoke of quiet toleration of these formalities.

The hall was filled with the sound of hurrying feet and banging lockers. Late arrivals rushed up the stairs two sometimes three steps at a time, hoping the bell would sound a second longer to enable them to attain the session rooms. At each door of the latter sanctuaries stood "the state department" on guard, as it seemed to tardy ones like birds of prey ready to pounce upon them. Then seemingly the hall had only been cleared when long lines passed from the rooms to classes.

"Have any grade school children in the building?" asked the man, nodding to some persons of diminutive stature.

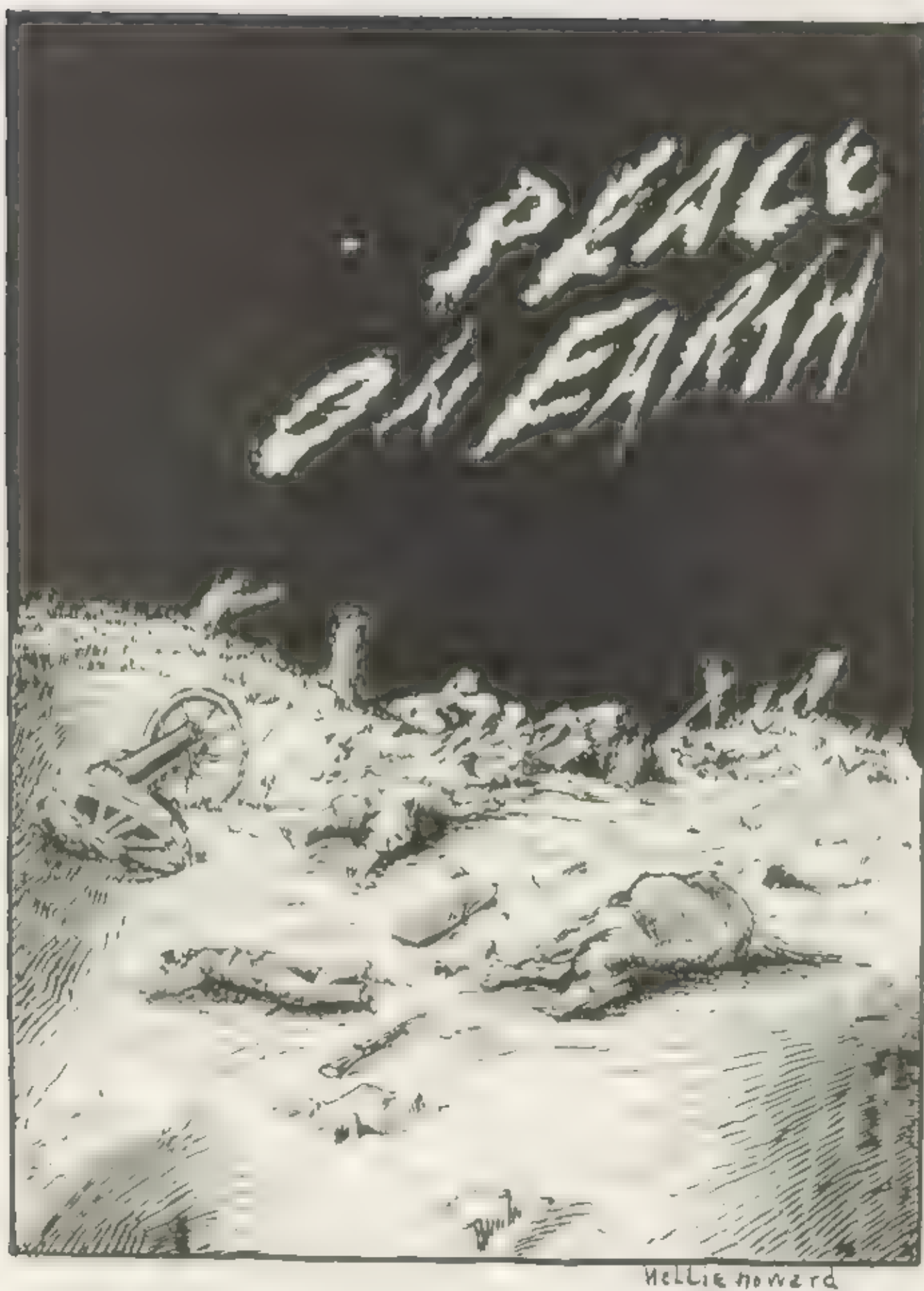
"Those," said the boy with the loud tie, in a tone of disgust and abhorrence, "are Freshmen. Look at 'em! They grow smaller every year. What," he added, as he rose to the full height of his seventeen summers, "are we coming to? I ask you as man to man, what will the next generation be?"

The visitor did not vouchsafe a reply as to just what the next generation might be like, but looked up to take his leave of the boy who, after watching a young gentleman sauntering up the vacant hall with a Virgil under his arm, said, "Well, it's time to skip."

The man with the red tie watched the boy hurrying down the hall and saw him enter his class room. Only silence reigned in the long corridor now. He stood up, and as he walked toward the door, he sighed. For him, the doors of the class room were closed forever.

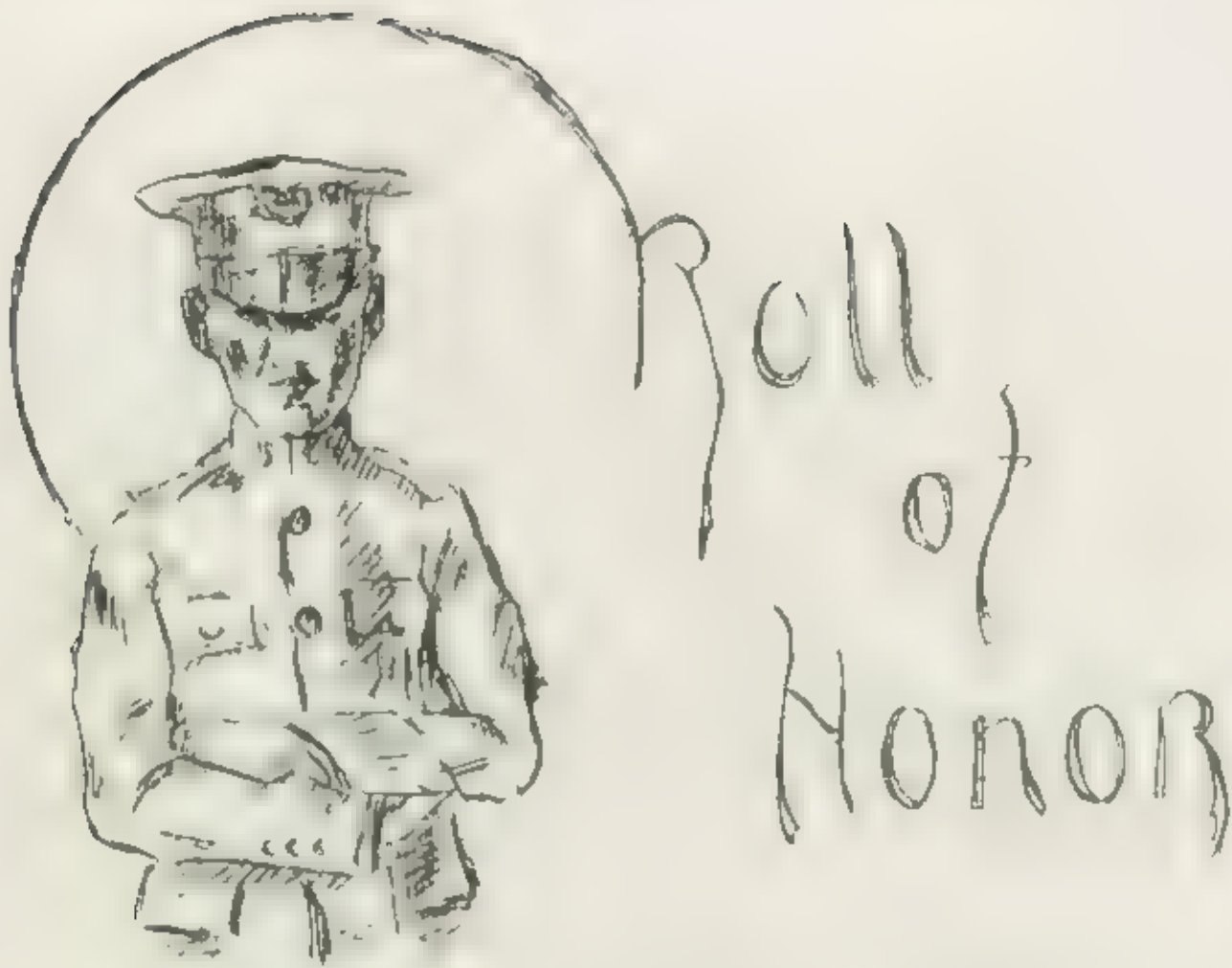


"QUIVER"



Hellie Howard





N. B.—An attempt has been made to correct this list up to the date of April 1st, but owing to the size of our graduate list this has been a difficult matter and the public is assured that if any names have been omitted it is not through negligence upon our part. Because of the constantly changing addresses, no attempt has been made to give these.—Editor.

Alken, Arthur  
 Arthur, Donald  
 Ashby, Maynard  
 Austin, John  
 Bacon, Francis  
 Baker, Dwight  
 Ballagh, Jay  
 Barbour, Maurice  
 Bartlett, Charles  
 Beaudette, Alpha  
 Boardman, Fred  
 Bromley, Bruce  
 Brown, Percy  
 Buchanan, Alexander  
 Burch, Victor  
 Buttolph, John  
 Cameron, Douglass  
 Campbell, Glenn  
 Carr, Ralph  
 Cheal, Louis  
 Collier, Wright  
 Collins, Harold  
 Coons, Claude  
 Corwin, Alvarado  
 Cotcher, Arthur  
 Cotcher, Harry  
 Cowan, Russell  
 Crawford, Harry

Culp, Eugene  
 Cuthbertson, Ray  
 Dawson, Robert  
 DeBolt, Ross  
 Derragon, Ralph  
 Dickie, Hugh  
 Doty, Frank  
 Dusenberry, Clarence  
 Elliott, Eugene  
 Elliott, Garland  
 Fay, Lloyd  
 Ferrand, Arthur  
 Fisher, Kenneth  
 Fisher, Mark  
 Fitch, Ferris  
 Flickinger, Harold  
 Freeman, Carl  
 Freeman, Harold  
 Furlong, Harold  
 Gottschalk, Delbert  
 Gray, Elmore  
 Gray, Mason  
 Haire, Homer  
 Halstead, Harvey  
 Hammond, Maurice  
 Hammond, Roy  
 Heffernan, Wilbur J.  
 High, Russell

## "QUIVER"

Hill, LeGrand  
Hodges, George  
Hogue, Donald  
Howell, Joseph  
Hoyt, Warren  
Hubbard, George  
Jacobs, George  
Jennings, Joseph  
Kelly, Vale  
Kreklow, Norman  
Leach, Harry  
Leach, Manley  
Lockwood, Arthur  
Lowes, Cecil  
Marsh, Howard  
McDonald, Donald  
Miller, Bradley  
Monroe, Ralph  
O'Neill, Hugh  
Osborne, Claude  
Patterson, Carlton  
Patterson, Clarence  
Patterson, William  
Pigman, Harold  
Prall, Whitney  
Putman, Stanley  
Quick, Maynard  
Reid, Evert  
Rodenbo, Benjamin\*  
Sage, Howard  
Seeley, Edwin  
Shattuck, Mark  
Sherwood, Chester L.  
Simmons, Wallace

Smith, Deland  
Smith, Eugene  
Smith, Goldwin  
Smith, Harlan  
Smith, Louis  
Smith, Ward  
Snowdon, Edward  
Snover, Percy  
Soper, Harold  
Steinbaugh, Fred  
Stevens, Sterne  
Stoddard, Austin  
Stone, Orrin  
Struthers, Harold  
Stull, Frank  
Suppus, Fred  
Taft, Marcus  
Taylor, J. Morrison  
Taylor, J. Wilson  
Thatcher, Morris  
Trask, Verne  
Turner, Donald  
Tyler, Earl  
Vliet, William  
Voorheis, James  
Waldron, Robert  
Waters, Claire  
Watson, Charles  
Watson, Ernest  
Webb, Walter  
Webster, Winfield  
Westbrook, Louis  
Williams, Russell  
Windiate, Cass

\*Died April 15, 1918, from wounds received in action.

## *The History of the Class of 1918*

Marion Patch, '18  
SEPTEMBER, 1914

**FINDERCLASSMEN?** Oh, yes; but very proud of ourselves, indeed. Well, just because we were the first Freshman Class to enter the new High School. We could only gasp at all of the splendor—so unaccustomed to it, you know, but we tried not to let others know it. Oh, yes, they laughed at us, of course; but we have the satisfaction of knowing, or thinking we know, that we were not as "green" as some other classes, whose names, in deference to those who have gone before and who are yet to come, we desire to omit.

Was our first introduction to high school life exciting? Just ask us. A few weeks after school opened a very important thing happened. We had a real class meeting! Perhaps you think we didn't feel proud. To elect a president and vice-president 'n everything. It was almost too much for us, but we survived. For our president, we elected Stewart Beach. You will hear of him later. Our vice-president was Alice Comfort, the "bright

## "QUIVER"

light" of the class. Edwin Tibbals, George Moreland and Paul Hoskins were elected secretary, treasurer, and auditor, respectively. They were all characterized by their ability to "cut-up" and furnished us with all the entertainment we needed during spare moments.

As was the custom, the Seniors gave us a reception early in October. We felt at home and as if we really "belonged" after listening to the friendly appeal of the President of the Senior Class. We adjourned to the gymnasium after the speeches, where we watched the Seniors dance and enjoy themselves while we managed to drink up our full share of the punch.

We started our school career by teaching the Seniors that they were not the only ones who could give a play. We surprised them and the rest of the school by dramatizing and producing "Ivanhoe" under the combined direction of Miss Blanche Avery and Miss Mae Derragon. No other Freshman class had ever attempted such a great production and we felt justly proud.

Among the other social activities of the year was a sleigh-ride to the home of Arthur Ferrand. We had a delightful time—ask any Freshman class if they don't have a good time on their first sleighride—and even went so far as to tip over on the way home, "because we were Freshmen," the Seniors said.

### SEPTEMBER, 1915

As Sophomores, we felt quite settled, although we were still underclassmen. We felt just as excited over our meeting as when we were "Freshies," but we had to act a little more dignified, you know. Our president was Clyde Auten—you all know "Curle"—William Seeley was vice-president, Lorraine Johnson was our secretary (ask Clyde), and Marian Rogers was elected treasurer. Go to a basket ball game and watch Marian—you can't miss her. Ernestine Fisher was auditor. She was our "joker."

Once more we entered the lime-light when Stewart Beach won the medal in the Lynch Medal Oratorical contest.

We planned to have two sleighrides, but they turned out to be "hay rides." Esther Hoyt offered us her home for the evening, and it goes without saying that we had a good time. For our second "night-out" we were offered the home of Jessie Scott. You all know Jessie—she is one of the famous "Scott Quintette."

### SEPTEMBER, 1916.

We were back again at school, but what a difference! We were Juniors. As befitting our station, we had to be very dignified and sensible (this last was hard), because we were at last upper classmen. Those of you who expect to go on in school, have yet to experience the enjoyable thrill of strolling about the corridors with an air of supreme confidence and in watching the poor misguided Freshmen blindly stumbling through the maze of endless miles and miles of corridors searching for room 219, or 346; those who stop school now can not imagine what they are missing; we are not preaching; we know from experience. Our president this year was again Clyde Auten. He seems to be an old "stand-by." Our vice-president was Gerald Ronk; Olive Boardman was secretary. Katherine Beardslee was treasurer (we are afraid the one who could tell us the most about Katherine is not here now), and Whitney Beattie was auditor. We are sorry



## "QUIVER"

to say that Whitney and Gerald have left the city and so will not graduate with us.

One thing of importance this year was the selection of our pins. Eighty-one class pins were purchased, and five rings. Of course, O. R. rings and pins were much prettier than any we had ever seen. They were set with seven tiny pearls and had the date and P. H. S. engraved on them.

Yes, it is really true—Stewart came to the fore and won first place for us in the State Oratorical contest. We were now more than proud to have him one of us. He was also among those who received appointments for the "Junior Ex." In order, those who received the appointments were: Grace Douglas, Luella Miller, Hazel Snyder, Ernestine Fisher, Ruth Tyrer, Zoe Van-Tassel, Addie Lamb, Mildred Forsythe, Stewart Beach, Helen Taylor.

Our annual sleighride came, with all its fun. We were entertained by Arthur Ferrand. We had a fine time and probably will not forget it soon. How could we, with the gay singing and talking on the way out, the games, the eats, and last but by no means least—the ride back?

As Juniors, we improved our reputation as actors, by making a good showing in the annual Shakespearean play given under the direction of Miss Avery. An excellent production of 'The Tempest' was the result of the year's work. Among those from our class who took part were Stewart Beach, Navarre Martenay, Raymond Tubbs, William Seeley, Madeleine Hazelton, Norma Springer, Elizabeth Dawson, and Harriet Coleman.

### SEPTEMBER, 1917

Once more we are back at dear old P. H. S., but oh! how different it is! We are SENIORS! Our officers—Donald Fildew, president; Ivan French, vice president, Marian Patch, secretary; Addie Lamb, treasurer, and Merritt Lillis, auditor. Altogether they are quite an imposing lot of executives.

According to the custom we gave the Freshman Class a reception, late in September, and we are sure they have never had a better time. At least we who tendered the reception know that there has never been a more brilliant or better attended reception. There were between six and seven hundred people on hand to see the fun, and we all enjoyed it immensely, even if we did have to be dignified.

Our annual sleighride was a never-to-be-forgotten event. We went to the home of Ethel Lylie, at North Farmington. This one was a great success in every way, even if it was ten miles out there and awfully cold. The eats paid up for all the frozen ears and fingers. On the return trip we only got home by throwing snow balls at the horses to keep them awake.

As the time of graduation approaches, it seems that we, the class of 1918, are facing a bigger, more vital problem, than the classes of former years. As we become men and women, we shall have to bear the heavy responsibility which this war is placing on us all. But we shall face it as we have faced our school problems, squarely, because it is a war of democracy against autocracy, and because over one hundred of our own boys are fighting "over there." No one can ever right the wrongs which have been committed by the ruthless barbarism of Gar-

## "QUIVER"

many, but we can prevent the repetition of such an awful chaos, and "our boys" are over there now, more are going, perhaps many more of our own class will see service in the trenches. If they go it will be with the knowledge that their cause is right, and with that knowledge, they will not fail to do their duty as true Americans and students of the Pontiac High School.

Now at last, after so many years of waiting and hard work, we have come to that point in our lives to which we have looked with longing eyes. Perhaps some of us think our sentence of "four years at hard labor" has been mostly a waste of time, but let us look ahead into the future and leave the answer to it. Most of us are now ready and waiting to face the bigger problems of life ahead of us and we want to take life at its fullest—we all want everything that life has to give us, its joys as well as its sorrows and responsibilities, and we shall step into the great amphitheatre of the world with the knowledge that we are taking the center of the stage just when the curtain is rising upon the greatest drama—and perhaps tragedy—the world has ever witnessed.

### *Life's Two Interpreters.*

#### I.

"As tales oft told we bring to end our years  
With deep and mournful sighs. Their numbered hours  
We clutch in vain; they wane and fade as flowers,  
Gathered, droop and die. Neither prayers nor tears  
Avail us aught", so First, bent low with fears,  
"We strive, but fail; we seek nor is it ours  
To find. We cry aloud to heavenly powers  
To strengthen bruised reed; cruel Death appears  
And rends the breaking heart. In ashes lies  
The house our hands had built so hopefully,  
And from its ruins the baleful spectres rise  
To jest and mock the soul's adversity.  
We wait in dread the dark! God fails, truth dies,  
Death wins! Fate holds us in captivity!"

#### II.

"As those who rest from toil we end our years,  
Reluctantly,—content. The evening hours  
Are filled with satisfying joys, as flowers,  
Still hold at night the noonday's gold. Our tears  
Are tears that cleanse," thus speaks, unbowed by fears,  
The Second One. "We lose ere it is ours  
To find. Through weakest flesh God full empowers  
The spirit strong to stand. Death more endears  
The good of yesterdays. In ashes lies  
The house our hands had built so hopefully,  
And from its ruins, in stately splendor rise  
New mansions for the soul. Unbound and free  
We go to meet the dawn. Years end, Time dies,  
Light breaks, God lives! Love reigns eternally."

—Clyde McGee.



# Events



## *Freshman Reception.*

On September 28th, the annual Freshman Reception was tendered the entering class by the Seniors. From all stand-points the affair was the most successful ever given in the school and was voted by all a great improvement over the old style reception in which plenty of paint and horse-play were the most important features. A program in the Auditorium, at which Stewart Beach acted as chairman, preceded the dance in the gymnasium. The program consisted of an opening number by the High School Band, followed by a speech of welcome by the Senior President, Donald Fildew, and a response by the President of the Freshman Class, Floyd Boardman. A short speech by Principal S. M. Dudley, filled with good, wholesome advice for the newcomers, and solos by Milton Orman and George Willits, completed the program, after which the crowd which had assembled adjourned to the gymnasium, where dancing was enjoyed until twelve o'clock. A new feature was introduced at the door of the gym, where several of the teachers with whom the Freshmen would become acquainted in their classes met the under classmen in an informal manner. A Japanese note pervaded the decorative scheme of the gymnasium, and a liberal allotment of "cosy corners" made the room attractive. About 150 couples enjoyed the dancing. The affair was a financial success, the Senior Class clearing expenses with a good margin.

## *Girls' Glee Club Concert.*

The Girls' Glee Club made its formal appearance on October 30th, when a Liberty Loan concert was given by the girls, in the auditorium, the proceeds of which went to the purchase of a Liberty Bond. The affair was well attended and the audience was especially pleased with the different selections which the girls gave. As a part of the program, the newly organized Girls' Quartet obliged with several numbers, which were well received. The personnel of the quartet includes Misses Josephine Toynton and Marian Willits as first and second sopranos, respectively, and Misses Thelma Spencer and Ruth Welch as first and second altos. During the intermission, the long-talked-of community singing was instituted, under the direction of Harry Quayle, director of music in the schools. Community singing has been sweeping the country of late years and after a concerted effort by several of those interested in music in the city, it was decided to inaugurate it at this concert. Its enthusiastic reception has warranted its repetition, and during the winter it has been a great success.

. . .

## *Football Mass Meeting.*

On Friday evening, October 20th, an enthusiastic mass meeting was held in the auditorium, in preparation for the Central game. Harry Quayle was chairman of the affair and in his usual "peppy" manner introduced the speakers and carried a spirit of encouragement to the team which did not fail in its mission. The band was on hand and helped materially to liven up the occasion. What would we do without our band? Charles Matthews was the first speaker of the evening and his remarks were well directed. Mr. Matthews is an old-time P. H. S. foot ball man and was enthusiastically welcomed by the assemblage which, while composed for the most part of the student body, was liberally sprinkled with townsfolk. Short talks by A. L. Moore, G. L. Jenner and Ralph D. Tyler encouraged the team and augmented the spirit of the affair. Coach Goodloe Rogers, Fred Boardman and Claude Osborne completed the list of speakers, and the meeting was voted a success by all.

\* \* \*

## *"Richard III."*

The first Thespian effort of the students of the High School was a scene from Shakespeare's "Richard III.", given in chapel on November 12th. The scene required a great deal of difficult dramatic acting, and the manner in which the principal roles were taken by Miss Madeleine Hazelton, as the grieved queen, and Donald Bailey, as Richard, elicited considerable applause

from the students. The scene was given under the personal direction of Mr. Edgar J. Ebbels, director of elocution in the schools.

. . .

## *Open Night.*

On November 22nd the school was thrown open to the public for the annual "Open Night" exhibition. About 1500 people took advantage of the opportunity to witness the workings of the different classes and a very interesting evening was given those who attended. A short program in the auditorium by the grade school children of the city opened the event, following which Mrs. Gertrude L. Beach gave an exhibition of her pupils' work in the gymnasium. The children went through their difficult paces in good shape and considerable credit is due them, as well as to the instructress. Physics, chemistry and physiography laboratories were open, as well as the rooms of the domestic art, science, manual training and commercial departments, and these came in for their share of the interest. A short program in the auditorium, by the High School Orchestra and the Girls' Glee Club concluded the evening's entertainment. Punch and wafers were served the guests in the lunch room during the evening.

. . .

## *Football Banquet.*

The annual Football Banquet was held in the lunch room on Wednesday evening, December 12th, with about one hundred students and townsfolk in attendance. Principal S. M. Dudley acted as toastmaster and the few twist which he gave to several rather musty jokes brought forth considerable laughter from the audience. Harry Quayle gave an excellent talk on "Cowardice," handling the subject in a novel manner which proved very interesting. A poem by Miss Avery in which the deeds of the football team were related came in for its share of the applause. Coach Goodloe Rogers and Superintendent of Schools G. L. Jenner obliged with short talks filled with good advice and a whole lot of good "horse sense." Edgar J. Ebbels was the next speaker, but the depth of the jokes which he sprung on us was too much and most of them "just went right over in the corner and stuck." We are not used to that "deep stuff" in high school. We got the last one, though, and enjoyed one good laugh, anyway. Clinton Vreeland, the retiring captain, and William Armstrong the captain-elect, were next called upon and though each affirmed that he was not a speaker, we enjoyed their few remarks. We are sure that the team made no mistake in giving "Bill" the honor of guiding its fortunes in 1918. A few appropriate remarks by Chairman Dudley closed one of the most interesting evenings of the school year.

. . .



## *Football Ball.*

On Friday evening, December 14th, we held our annual Football Ball in the gymnasium, following a rather joke basket ball contest with Holly. Little attempt was made by the football boys who engineered the affair at decorations, it being their theory that those attending came to dance and not to look at "fussy decorations." Well, we agreed with them, and in the absence of any decorations to look at, we danced, and danced, and danced some more. I think "Phil's" watch must have been a little off, for he didn't say a word and we kept right on until twelve o'clock, central time. It's the first time we ever put one like that over on "Phil", and maybe he doesn't know it yet. We don't like to keep anything from him, though, so this is a good time to let him in on the secret. We had a good time, anyway, and all were sorry to leave when it did come time.

. . .

## *"A Scrap of Paper."*

Friday evening, November 7th, marked the production of "A Scrap of Paper," by pupils of Edgar J. Ebbels' public speaking classes, under his personal direction. The proceeds from the production were turned over to Mr. Jenner, to be used by him in some patriotic work. The admission price was put at a very low figure, to place it within the reach of all, and the result was all that could have been asked for. The auditorium was packed and fully a hundred people were turned away. The cast was too lengthy for personal mention to be made of any one character, but the play was so well cast that few criticisms could be made. All assumed their roles with an ease which bespoke of considerable hard work on the part of the director, as well as on their own parts, and the piece gave place to considerable dramatic acting as well as to some of the comedy type.

. . .

## *Those Sleighrides.*

I don't think we can do better, in speaking of our year's sleighrides, than to follow the reports given by our worthy contemporary, "The Tomahawk." Bruce Buchanan, who was responsible for those write-ups, has first-hand knowledge of all sleighrides, and as he said that everyone had a good time on all of them, he ought to know. I remember him telling me enthusiastically and confidentially after each one that he had "some time," so if he said that, there's no use disputing it—and nobody wants to—for we all did have a good time, from the most dignified Senior to the smallest and most undignified Freshman. One of the delightful features about sleighrides this year was the good school spirit which pervaded them all. Seniors were present on the Freshman sleighride, and Freshmen on the Senior, we all



## "QUIVER"

mixed up together and had a good time. I notice that Bruce is not sparing in his praise of the "eats" and he says that at no one sleighride were they better than at another. One thing of memorable note on the Sophomore sleighride was the beautiful time we had in tipping over. Twice the "bob" overturned, and both times on the wrong side. Bruce says he wasn't on that "bob," so I am quoting from some one else now. Misses Ethel Lytle, Leitha Scott, Florence Ferrand and Wilma Scott proved delightful hostesses on the Senior, Junior, Sophomore and Freshman sleighrides respectively. Mr. and Mrs. Phelps helped out liberally on chaperoning, while Miss Hinds, Miss Leighterness, Miss Heitsch, Miss Avery and Miss LeRoy finished the roster. All that we Seniors can say in echoing Mr. Buchanan is that "we wish there had been another Freshman sleighride."

\* \* \*

## *The Lecture Course.*

Following their determination to give us the best lecture course yet, the Board of Education presented for our approval, early in the fall, the following numbers and dates: October 17th, the Oratorio Artists; Nov. 6th, Dr. Ng Poon Chew; Nov. 28th, William Jennings Bryan; Jan. 14th, Miss Marie Mayer; March 19th, Miss Myrna Sharlow; May, May Festival.

The first number, given by the Oratorio Artists, proved to be one of the most delightful musical numbers which the lecture course brought forth. With a company composed of five artists of international repute, the quintette favored the audience with a grade of singing seldom heard in Pontiac. Mr. Reed Miller was especially well received.

Dr. Ng Poon Chew, a Chinese journalist and statesman, was the second to appear before us, and his lecture was highly interesting in that it gave an insight into the situation of China at the present time which one can hardly gain from books. A native of China himself, Dr. Chew came to this country at an early age to finish his schooling, and has been called the "Father of Chinese Journalism," because he is said to be the first Chinaman to publish a paper for his countrymen in their own language. His quaint humor was very pleasing and his address was filled with touches of wit which frequently called for much laughter from his hearers.

On November 28th we were treated to a lecture on "Fundamentals," by William Jennings Bryan. Those who do not agree with Mr. Bryan in his political views—and there are many—have never been accused of saying that he has not a wonderful gift for oratory, and those who have once heard him cannot be but impressed by the forceful manner in which he carries his argument without any perceptible effort upon his part. The story is told by a young man who, with his father, went to attend a Democratic mass meeting at which Bryan was to speak. Both father and son were in sympathy with the Republican party. When asked the next day how they liked Bryan the son replied: "Well, when we woke up, we found ourselves on our chairs, cheering

with the rest of the Democrats." And that is just how Mr. Bryan impressed us all. Not that we cheered or did anything like that, —Pontiac audiences rarely become so enthusiastic,—but we did applaud vigorously and let the speaker know that we appreciated his remarks. Mr. Bryan devoted the opening moments of his lecture to a short talk upon the war, following which he launched into his lecture on "Fundamentals." The address was interspersed with anecdotes of his own political career, which kept a spirit of humor alive through the serious parts and dispelled any touch of dullness from the talk.

Miss Marie Mayer was unable to make her appearance at the time she was scheduled, because of the tie-up of trains following the blizzard, but on February 21st, she appeared to keep her engagement. Miss Mayer was the Mary Magdalene of the Passion Play at Oberammergau in 1910, and her lecture dealt with the story of that famous presentation of the Divine Agony. She told of how the people, when saved from the ravages of a terrible plague, in the seventeenth century, had pledged themselves to give the Passion Play every tenth year, and of how they have kept their vow until this day. Miss Mayer's vivid personality, with the quaint accent which pervades her speech, endeared her to the audience, and all spoke highly in praise of her work.

Miss Myrna Sharlow, prima donna of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, and reputed to be the finest number on the lecture course, lived up to her reputation in every detail. She is possessed of a charming personality, which, together with her pleasing soprano voice, gives her an appearance on the stage which is irresistible. Her program ranged from the old Scotch ballad, "Loch Lomond," to the aria, "One Fine Day," from "Martha." She was accompanied by a violinist and pianist whose work was in every detail in harmony with that of the accomplished vocalist.

As we go to press, plans have not as yet been completed for the May Festival, which it is expected will be given some time during the latter part of that month. It will consist of two evenings' entertainment, the first to be given by the grade school children of the city, and the second to be an opera, "The Bos'un's Bride," given by the members of the high school chorus.

\* \* \*

### *Lest we forget—that Faculty Basket Ball Game.*

Wednesday March 13th, marked the first, and let us hope it will not be the last, public appearance of our well-beloved faculty upon the basket ball floor. The occasion was one which will live long in the memory of the students, and we imagine in more than the memory of the faculty, if we may believe the words of some of the members of their team. It all grew out of the organization of the "Session Room Sluggers," a team which was to wipe up the floor with all comers. They defeated the third team and the "Anti-Sluggers," then turned to the faculty as their next



## "QUIVER"

victim. But alas! Pride goeth before a fall, and such a fall as it was! It was a regular landslide, for the faculty literally snowed them under. It doesn't matter especially what the score was—I've forgotten, to tell the truth, but it was a good big one, for the faculty, and a very small one, for the Sluggers. A band turned out, composed of some of the rather doubtful musicians of the school, and lent noise to the occasion during the intermissions with renditions of "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here." We fear that the Sluggers imagined before the game started that they would have a cinch. We looked at Mr. Allen's seven feet something, at "Doc" LeFevre's bulk, and were a bit doubtful. Of course, we didn't think anything about the other members of the team,—that is, before the game started. Then Referee Todd blew his whistle. We saw Mr. Allen easily tip the ball back to Mr. Phelps, who eluded his man and passed to Coach Rogers, who dropped the ball into the net with no apparent trouble. Then we sat up and took notice. We noticed several things and one of the things we could not help noticing was Mr. Phelps, because wherever we looked, he was there, that is, providing the ball was there too. We never saw anyone who was in quite so many places at once. Mr. Jenner said that he was the fastest man he had seen on the floor this year and after watching his performance, we agree with him. "Curly" Auten was reputed to be the best man on the Sluggers' outfit, so Harry Quayle was commissioned to watch him, and "Curly" never reached for the ball but what he found this insistent Irishman there before him. It certainly wasn't fair and it got "Curly" awfully exasperated, you know. He said so himself and we fear that he told Mr. Quayle so, but not quite in those terms. Harry didn't mind though and kept right on the windward side of "Curly" until the end of the game. We all enjoyed seeing Mr. Dudley and Mr. Travis play, too. The former never misses a chance to allude to his performance and personally we think he is just a bit proud of it. Well, we can't blame him, and we hope they'll all get out again next year.

## *Ye School Calendar.*

### **A Chronology of the Year's Most Important Events.**

- Sept. 4—School opens with about 500 students reporting.  
Sept. 5—First classes. Several of us find it impossible to class-ify, and the Oakland's receipts are boosted. Thirty-five men turn out for first foot ball practice.  
Sept. 7.—We get a day off for the Fair, but the D. U. R. reports no special crowd.  
Sept. 10—The Juniors elect Donald Bailey president. "Bud" in a short speech to the session room "is sure that the class has done well in its selection." The Shakespeare Dramatic club organizes for the year and announces the "Taming of the Shrew" as its 1918 offering.  
Sept. 11—The Iroquois Debating Club is organized with about fifteen boys in attendance.

## "QUIVER"

- Sept. 12—The Seniors appoint Donald Fildew president of the class and the "Quiver" board is elected.
- Sept. 20—The Sophomores elect Elizabeth Millis to the presidency of their class. The first girl to hold such an office in the history of Pontiac High.
- Sept. 24—We appoint Donald McGowan Editor-in-Chief of the "Tomahawk." Harriet Coleman is elected first president of the Girls' Glee Club. In the third election of the day, Floyd Boardman is made president of the Freshman class.
- Sept. 28—At the largest and finest Freshman reception in the annals of our school, the Freshmen are royally welcomed to our midst with twenty-five gallons of "wonderful" punch.
- Sept. 29—Dort High of Flint becomes a bit careless and sends down some youngsters to open our foot ball season. Our foot ball team was soon tired out piling up 148 points on them, while they failed to count.
- Oct. 4—Guillot attends chapel.
- Oct. 6—Ypsilanti finds that it is out of place so far from home, and is defeated by our foot ball warriors, 62-0.
- Oct. 8—E. Dawson attends her Physics class. E. R. P. registers surprise.
- Oct. 13—We whitewash Monroe, 20-0.
- Oct. 15—J. H. Patterson gives us an interesting talk on the Liberty Loan. We have afternoon chapel, and get out of school an hour early, in honor of Patriotic Day.
- Oct. 17—The lecture course opens and the Oratorio Artists are well received.
- Oct. 19—The "Black Watch" arrives in town and is the means of procuring us a half holiday.
- Oct. 20—Northern proves a worthy adversary, and holds us to a 7-0 score. Of course, the seven points belonged to us.
- Oct. 27—Central swims to a 14-0 victory over us in a heavy sea on Goldberg Field. Coach Rogers announces that if there are to be any more such encounters, he will teach his team the aquatic art.
- Oct. 29—Burke suddenly gets an "idear" and recites in Physics. Mr. Phixton is not so lucky and his mark is rounded beautifully.
- Oct. 30—The Girls' Glee Club entertains us in an excellent concert. They buy two fifty-dollar Liberty Bonds with the proceeds.
- Oct. 31—Lyons learns that "all Fords lead to the hospital." We enjoy the usual Hallowe'en festivities.
- Nov. 1-2—The teachers start the new month right by attending the Teachers' Convention at Grand Rapids, thereby netting us a two day vacation.
- Nov. 3—We enjoy a 25-13 victory over Western.
- Nov. 5—A national amendment for Woman Suffrage wins in the first chapel debate of the year. Louis and Stew enjoy the pleasure of calling each other all sorts of names for five minutes, or rather, until Chairman "Chick" rang his bell.
- Nov. 6—We get a good bit of helpful Chinese wisdom from Dr. Ng Poon Chew, in the second number of the High School lecture course.



## "QUIVER"

- Nov. 10—We enjoy a 32-0 victory over Cass.
- Nov. 12—Mr. Bailey and Miss Hazelton do some exceptionally good work in a difficult scene from "Richard III." They are subsequently given the leading parts in the "Taming of the Shrew," the Shakespeare Dramatic Club's 1918 production.
- Nov. 17—We are 13-0 victors over Ann Arbor.
- Nov. 19—McGowan and Burke collect Tomahawk bills and appear with new shoes. McGowan speaks in chapel. Romeo is avalanched by our seconds, 67-0.
- Nov. 20—The green-eyed monster grasps Messrs. Brace and Riker by the ears and a fistic encounter ensues, which Referee Guillot claims ended in a draw. We failed to receive "comps" and were not on hand to witness the battle, so our judgment of the result is necessarily withheld. A full rehearsal of the "Scrap of Paper" is held in the auditorium.
- Nov. 22—We entertain "ye citizens" at the annual "Open Night" celebration.
- Nov. 23—McGaffey gets ahead in German III, and wonders "if this is supposed to be 1990." Our second team finds Birmingham a little the best and is defeated 13-0.
- Nov. 24—Flint slips "one and a goal" on us, which is just enough to make it 7-6 in their favor. Several of our stars eat too much ice cream and are ruled out before the game by Coach Rogers for "direct disobedience to orders."
- Nov. 26—Steve Jenks comes into his own and refutes his team to a victory on the affirmative side of a "federal inheritance tax amendment" debate. Townsend and Hallack are two able lieutenants in Steve's camp, while Auten, Phillips and Marentay are the losers. In making one of his strongest points Mr. Auten challenges the school to inform him "just how a man can get drunk without any money." We fear that we are a bit hazy on this point but would suggest that friends might help out a lot.
- Nov. 27—We enjoy the first meeting of the coming social center work. Director Rogers is optimistic about results.
- Nov. 28—We hold our annual Thanksgiving chapel and dedicate the new steel flag pole on the campus with an impressive ceremony. William Jennings Bryan gives us an excellent address on "Fundamentals."
- Nov. 29—The graduates show that they are by no means back numbers and we lose our annual alumni game 7-0. Our two days of Thanksgiving vacation begin.
- Dec. 4—Social Center work begins in earnest with about 600 in attendance.
- Dec. 7—Juniors and Seniors distinguish themselves in the "Scrap o' Paper," given under the able direction of Mr. Edgar J. Ebbels.
- Dec. 12—We enjoy good "eats" and speeches at the annual football banquet, held in the lunch room. Mr. Dudley as toastmaster retouched several alleged humorous stories of rather uncertain age and also brought forth some brand new ones. William Armstrong is announced as captain of the team for the coming year. "Best o' luck in 1918, Bill."
- Dec. 14—We open our basket ball season by defeating Holly.

## "QUIVER"

- 45-9. Following the game we "trip the light fantastic" at the annual foot ball ball.
- Dec. 17—Morrison Taylor, returned from the war zone, gives us an interesting talk on the ambulance service. "Steve" Jenks and Company take another victory, arguing the affirmative side of the government ownership of railroads. Hallack and Townsend as the "and Company" did much to aid in the victory.
- Dec. 21—Christmas chapel and nothing to do until 1918.
- Jan. 2—Back to school—the day after New Year's. Can you beat it?
- Jan. 4—On their own floor, Central High slips one over on us, 28-13. Our reserves also meet defeat at the hands of the Centralites, 12-5.
- Jan. 10—The Senior class enjoys most everything, including a ten mile dirve, on their annual sleighride, this year at the home of Ethel Lytle, at North Farmington.
- Jan. 11—The Juniors try to outdo the Seniors in good times at their sleighride at the home of the "Scott Quintette."
- Jan. 12—Old King Winter has a large day and snows us all up for over Sunday. We are scheduled to have a basket ball contest with Flint, but by 4 P. M. all cars have stopped running and the game is called off.
- Jan. 14—Marle Mayer is scheduled to appear on the lecture course, but with poor train service she is unable to be present.
- Jan. 18—We return to Eastern, after two years of absence, and just by way of renewing old acquaintance, defeat them by a score of 16-8. And lest we forget it—it is the first time we have ever beaten them on their own floor. The Oakland County Teachers' Convention meets in Pontiac and we take advantage of the circumstance to have the day off.
- Jan. 19—Physical Director Rogers issues the call for boys to attend the opening of his Saturday morning gym classes. About 500 respond.
- Jan. 21—We stage what our friends on the "Tomahawk" label a farce debate," and on the whole, we must say that we agree with them. After a session which lasts for nearly fifteen minutes, the judges finally decide that a debate has been held and also that the decision should go to the affirmative. Donald McGowan, Stewart Beach and Donald McGaffey made up the winning side. "Steve" Jenks, Louis Stempfley, and Clyde Townsend formed the personnel of the losers.
- Jan. 23—Examinations begin. Local merchants report an unprecedented sale of "midnight oil." That brand always seems to be a favorite twice a year.
- Jan. 24—We receive a carload of recruits from the eighth grades of the city. Rev. Russell H. Bready, pastor of the Central Methodist Church, delivers their sentence to them with an address filled with the best kind of good advice. More examinations.
- Jan. 25—On alien territory, we defeat Western,, 10-7. The Sophomores joyously "tip" to the home of Miss Florence Ferrand for their annual sleighride. All report a most enjoyable evening. (We seem to have lost the Freshman



## "QUIVER"

- sleighride "somewhere in the shuffle." We are sure they had one. In fact we remember Mr. Buchanan telling us confidentially that he had "some large evening." We think it was about a week back, but we are not quite sure. Anyhow, it happened).
- Jan. 28—We come back to school to start the second semester. We find that the faculty has "encored" a somewhat larger percentage than usual. Can we blame that on the war?
- Feb. 1—We give Cass a beating on our own floor, 30-16.
- Feb. 4—The grade school league opens its season with all teams confident of a victory. The Cramer Smith Trophy is the prize of the year.
- Feb. 8—Messrs. Jerks, Stempfle and Townsend are defeated at New Baltimore in a debate on the subject of government ownership of railroads. Our special representative, Mr. McGowan, who accompanied the team, states that it was a hotly-contested argument and that the Pontiac team deserves considerable credit. We journey to Birmingham en masse to give the high school there a good trimming. The first team starts it and finds it is not quite so good as it had expected. The second team finishes up the contest and the final score finds us on the long end of a 31-8 count. We find an interesting sleet performance being staged by the weather man upon emerging from the gymnasium but after waiting for the best part of an hour and a half for a car, we "just slip home."
- Feb. 9—We show Lansing some real basket ball, defeating them 19-11. The game was by no means easy, and the Capital City boys put up a good argument during the entire contest.
- Feb. 12—With Ash Wednesday some of us find it necessary to cut out various pleasures.
- Feb. 14—An enterprising member of our student body "pages" Mr. Dudley in chapel by the means of a clock, an electric bell and two dry cells. The "infernal machine" is concealed under the stage and causes quite a bit of excitement.
- Feb. 15—Central hands us our second beating of the year this time by a score of 23-13.
- Feb. 21—We are given an interesting lecture by Miss Marie Mayer, on the Passion Play.
- Feb. 22—Washington's Birthday and special chapel exercises, following which we get the day off. Some of us decide to take it without permission and a liberal crop of "cannings" follows the festivities. We defeat Ann Arbor, 15-11.
- Feb. 25—Stenth Dudley affixes the guilt of the "pagang" business upon Mr. Robertson, who receives two weeks' vacation. Why, Gray!
- March 1—The Orchard Lake high school finds us a little the best and is defeated by a score of 18-11.
- March 4—Tubbs is canned again.
- March 8—We defeat Northern on local territory by a score of 18-11.
- March 13—We are treated to the greatest exhibition of basket ball of the year when the Faculty defeats the Session Room Sluggers.

## "QUIVER"

- March 14—We notice several limps from the direction of the stars of the "Dudley's Dubs," as the Faculty supporters name their team.
- March 15—We take Ypsilanti's measure to the tune of 22-15.
- March 16—Practice for "The Taming of the Shrew" is held in the evening.
- March 19—We hear some exceptional singing when Miss Myrna Sharlow appears on the lecture course. She brings an accomplished violinist and pianist with her to make the evening more enjoyable.
- March 20—Dress rehearsal is held for "The Taming of the Shrew."
- March 21—The Shakespeare Dramatic Club presents "The Taming of the Shrew," under the supervision of Miss Blanche Avery. It is pronounced a great success by all who witness it.
- March 23—We close our basket ball season by defeating Western, 22-15.
- March 25—Old King Winter gets a bit mixed up and slips us some wonderful spring weather. And oh, what a temptation to play "hookey." Of course we did not yield to temptation. Why? Well, because just about this time we got our spring vacation.
- March 31—Our old friend, March, leaves us in the most approved "lamb" fashion.
- April 1—Back to the grind again.
- April 4—Gullot attends another chapel.
- April 6—Some patriotic member of our assembly gives our friend, the deer, a coat of orange and black paint. The culprit has not yet been apprehended.
- April 8—Monday finds a goodly percentage of the school's enrollment absent with the prevailing "influenza." We fear that some of our worthy friends find Detroit an excellent place to recuperate.
- April 11—Mr. Dudley joins the ranks of the absent.
- April 12—The "QUIVER" goes to press.







DREAM OF THE CLASS OF 1914





*Literary*



## ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

Lieutenant Chester L. Sherwood, Imperial Royal Flying Corps.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following is a series of extracts from letters by Lieutenant Sherwood, now in action "somewhere in France," to friends in this city. This will explain why, in some parts of the article, the paragraphs do not seem to connect with each other. The author, though not a graduate of the Pontiac high school, was a student here for some time and is remembered by many of us.

(At School in Canada.)

I have done nothing but copy notes and write letters today. Oh, yes, I have, too. I ate three man sized meals. We sure do feed well and have fine quarters here. I am with three Montreal men and we have a suite of three rooms. It is awfully hot and humid here. On parade the sweat trickles down one's back. Honestly, it fills these boots so full that it oozes out.

We don't have many high times, lack capital, but will soon get better pay. There are a great many men here who will never get through. After getting to camp they discard about six out of ten men. Hope I will not be one of the unfortunates. One man came up to our rooms to visit yesterday. Nerves gone and trying to get a discharge. He likes to go up for joy rides, but as soon as he touches the stick (control) his nerves go. Some men never get a plane off the ground.

We had a grand fight here a few nights ago. Men from east residence tried to raid us in revenge for a hazing party. They wore helmets and coats. Came in force at 1 A. M. We were soon out, clothed for the most part in pajamas. Personally, was clothed in a wrist watch. We have many trophies such as helmets, etc. They don't accept our invitations to come again.

I am now in the school of Aerial Gunnery. It is certainly a great satisfaction to be able to put your machine in any conceivable position and feel that it is so much a part of you that you have only to will it in any other position and it is there. All of



## "QUIVER"

the stunts have lost their thrill except when you can take some one else up and make them wish they were on solid ground again. Scouts, however, are quite thrilling to spectators. Yesterday a fine chap crashed. He did not know anything since coming through a cloud at five thousand feet. Leg broken in two places. He was fortunate. Men are with us today and tomorrow we fear of them crashing some place within sixty or seventy miles of camp, or see them coming down on the aerodrome. When you see a machine crash and cannot find a whole piece in it, but the pilot lives, then see another fall a few hundred feet, making pulp of the pilot, you wonder why, or by what miracle.

I went out to camp yesterday to make my farewell flight. The only thing the O. C. (Officer in Charge) asked me was that I go up just a little higher than usual, as Lord Welsley was about. It was queer, but the day had been dull and rainy up to that time. When I started climbing, the sun began to shine. I stunted over the aerodrome for forty-five minutes (my farewell to my pet machine) and then came down. When I landed the sun went under and it rained the rest of the day. Many congratulated me, and some of the mechanics said I was "bound to break my bloody neck." I am practically finished now, except for aerial gunnery. My commission comes then, and after that I know not what.

\* \* \*

(At a school in this country after being commissioned.)

I just thought I was working before. Now I work from daylight until dark. Have greater privileges, of course, but we work every day. Sunday I had to take charge of the whole squadron. Had a good day, without a crash. Speaking of crashes, I had my first yesterday. One of my cadets, a wooden head, froze onto the control like death. I was teaching him landings. Made a rotten one and couldn't shake him loose in time to save the machine. Lost a propellor and under carriage. Farther in the day, while I was talking with a cadet, another one came howling along from behind and landed on my machine. Enough for one day, what?

The petrol we use here is just like coal oil. Awful stuff. The mechanics have a steady job cleaning the jets. Spark plugs are no good, either. I came down the other day with four broken plugs.

\* \* \*

(Written especially for the "Quiver".)

You ask me for an article on my experiences in the Royal Flying Corps, but I will not consider my work anything of interest until I have brought down a few Huns. Nevertheless, the following may be of interest to you.

The process by which pilots are turned out will possibly be of interest. I believe it is usually thought that a man needs only to know how to fly to qualify as a military pilot. This is far from correct. A pilot must first be able to use several types of machine guns. To use his gun effectively, he must be so familiar with it that he can take it apart and assemble it in the dark, as well as to instantly diagnose and remedy any trouble which may present itself. He must know the speed of his own machine, judge the speed of the enemy plane, the distance and the angle

## "QUIVER"

at which it will cross his line of fire. These factors have to be instantly and accurately estimated. The success of the pilot depends as much on his efficiency with the gun as on the way he maneuvers his machine.

The camera plays a very important part in aerial warfare, and every pilot must know it thoroughly. On his accuracy with it many lives depend. Often a machine is sent up to photograph a position while a whole battalion is waiting for the map which will be made from this picture. The speed with which these pictures are made is almost incredible. The time which elapses from the departure of the machine and the moment the map is placed in the hands of the commanding officer is a matter of minutes alone.

Then there is the wireless. Every pilot must be an expert wireless operator. Gun fire is directed by this means. He must observe the distance and direction from the target the shells burst and send corrections accurately. This work must be carried on with anti-aircraft shells bursting all about the machine.

Bomb-dropping is also very important. Every pilot must know how to drop bombs. This seems simple enough to the layman, but it is far from being easy. In this, many factors have to be considered. Bombs cost too much money to be dropped at random.

When men enlist in the cadet wing of the Royal Flying Corps, they are first sent to a ground school, where they are taught the theory of things pertaining to aerial warfare. Then they are sent to an elementary squadron, where they are taught to fly. After they have completed a certain number of hours solo flying, they are given tests which bring them all up to a certain standard of efficiency before they commence the higher training. On completing these tests, they are posted to another training squadron, to learn the use of the wireless in the air, to take photographs, to read ground signals, and to learn how to drop bombs. After this work is satisfactorily completed, they are sent through the school of aerial gunnery, where they get the use of machine guns in the air. Here they are given fighting practice and shoot at towed targets. After completing this course, a stiff examination decides whether the cadet shall be given a commission or not.

## GASSED.

Kenneth W. Gardner, '16

GRANDEMONT TANSEY, who was young, longed for the thrills of adventure, the love of woman, the powerful mastery of handicaps. But he was one of that vast army of human workers doomed to eke out an existence in clerkship, serving others, not for the wholesome joy of service of fellow men, but because of an immediate and imperative need of lodging, raiment, and food. Grandemont Tansey happened to clerk in a drug store which fact detracts nothing from the tale of his test, and adds much to it.

His very name bespeaks the nature of the slender youth as he knew himself. The Grandemont of him was the gallant



knight of old, slaying monstrous, snorting dragons as they were about to disgorge castle walls and consume his beloved; Tansey was the whimsical, likeable, timid, and utterly inadequate little clerk working out his life according to the plan of others, namely, his boss. Grandemont represented what he pictured himself in his own Utopia; Tansey was what he seemed to others.

And so we find Tansey thus engaged in April, when the great commonwealth took its historic stand against autocratic rule and prepared to risk its own very existence in support of national and international righteousness.

To Tansey this momentous decision of the governmental fathers of a hundred million persons was at first incapable of digestion. No previous thought had called upon Tansey's mind for a picture so vast and terrifying as that of his own powerful nation engaged in mortal conflict. Soon dazedly, his mentality began to ask what it could, would, mean to him—to Grandemont Tansey, a mere clerk in a homely drug store, who lived a peaceful and uneventful existence in the harmless way of all other Tanseys.

The youth's chivalrous nature took a brace at the prospect of myriad new channels for gratification of his romantic longings. Hour upon hour, after his comfortable supper at his boarding house was done, he revolved inwardly glowing pictures of skirmishes, advances, through shell-torn hostile spaces, naturally imagining himself in the most exacting places and in scenes of greatest danger. Tansey's vivid visions might have seemed strangely abstract had he paused to consider what concrete steps lay between his present circumstances and the soul-making epics of his dreams.

Always at the climaxes of these ethereal periods there entered a thought, still more entrancing. And Mary Peers, elusive daughter of the mistress of his boarding place, seemed always involved. If she wasn't the appreciative nurse back at the field hospital to whose competency Tansey's welfare was entrusted when he was brought in after one of his colorful encounters, Mary was present in some other capacity equally as advantageous for a proper understanding of his nobler instincts.

All this in the secure quietude of Tansey's upstairs room, where the fertile plains of the youth's imagination were easier of conquest than those of the scrutinizing, calculating world. Once he even dreamed she had waited for him when he came in after dark, and he had kissed her, in the dark of the hallway.

For to know Tansey of the drug store, Tansey of the boarding house, one was almost required to know him in his sly admiration of Mary. Every covert glance he furtively cast toward her chair at dinner table, every confused, hesitating remark he dared to venture in her presence, betrayed the degree of confidence with which a Florida senator might beseech congress for a contract to furnish ice for army camps. Tansey boldly imagined himself a passionate Romeo, thrilling his Juliet with irresistible epithets of love. And he blushed every time he said good morning to Mary at the breakfast table. Yet so real to him were his dreams that poor Tansey even began to save money!

The youth was tongue-tied and scarlet of face before the angel whom he adored and vainly longed to rescue, clasp, comfort, and subdue.

## "QUIVER"

Grandemont Tansey moodily rested his elbows on the glass show case in front of him. His face dropped into the upturned palms of his hands as if guided by habit. It was in the quiet of late afternoon and visitors to the drug store had been few for the last half hour. The proprietor had long since left. Probably by this time he was eating supper with his family, thought Grandemont, while he, only a clerk, was gloomily existing at his tasks until the other should return and release him for the evening. For Tansey was allowed every other evening off—every other evening in which he might betake himself speedily to his boarding house in the ecstatic hope that this might be one of those rare occasions when Mary, ever popular with other boarders, lacked an engagement. "Perhaps—," he mused, "perhaps—I might—"

"Will you fill this with chloroform right away, please?" Tansey started guiltily, and looked up. It was an accustomed patron of the store, one of the town's few physicians, who spoke, and Tansey felt more comfortable. To have been caught idly dreaming by an acquaintance was less condemning to him, anyway. "Yes, surely," he replied, as he accepted the glass container and started toward the rear of the store. What would Mary say if she knew he had been so engrossed in thoughts of her that he had allowed a customer to enter the store unseen and unheard, he wondered.

Tansey was conscientious, if not bold.

Absently he found the chloroform, filled the bottle, and pushed the larger one back on the prescription desk, out of the way, there to remain temporarily until he returned the smaller to its owner. The change placed in the physician's hands, Tansey returned to the desk and, carefully wiping the neck of the bottle, partly to pass the time and partly from habit, he set it down again. Then he reached for the wiping cloth to put it away and as he drew it from the desk—shucks! he'd left the bottle on it and there it went, stopper out, rolling and spilling its contents all over the desk. Tansey grasped for it. Luck helped him for once and he caught it before it struck the floor. Nasty mess. Probably take the varnish off the desk. "Old man'll think I'm getting clumsy," he said to himself. So he cleaned it up right away and thought nothing further of it. This was his night off, and Mary might be home when he arrived.

"Ho there, Grandy. Where away?" a cheerful voice hailed him. Tansey looked up.

"Hello, Buzz," he replied. "Just on my way home to supper." Then to himself, "That won't tell him that Mary might be home."

"Oh, I see. Hurrying along because pretty little Mary's waiting for you at the door with a kiss, eh?" bantered the other. Tansey flushed. "Better pass her up tonight and come on over to finish off that pool game with the boys. You can eat downtown."

Tansey hesitated. Buzz had evidently guessed his purpose, all right. Maybe he'd better just have a game or so to put them off the track, and then he could hurry up to the house only a little late. Still—

"Oh well, all right," he finally acquiesced.



One game passed. Then two, three, and four. Tansey put up his cue. Buzz glanced up and with a smile of mock wisdom turned to the others of the group circumventing the green expanse. "Well, for the love o' Mike, old Grandy's so far gone on Mary Peers' yellow curls that he quits the bunch to go home to her in the middle of the evening." The rest laughed loudly, feigning astonishment.

The Grandemont in Tansey rose to the fore. Here was one chance to show them. "Oh, well, if you fellows think you know so much about my affairs, I'll show you how far off you are by sitting here, without playing a single game the rest of the evening. How's that?"

The others took the challenge. "All right. Fine. Go to it!" they cried, delighted to see the embarrassment written in crimson on the timid youth's face.

So Grandemont found a chair in a corner of the smoky billiard room and thrust himself into it with an unmistakable air of determination such as seldom marked his movements. Wonderingly he thought of his quick-spoken words; he had even clenched his teeth as he spoke them. Did they signify the birth of a new courage in his almost cringing nature? Would he have any more strength to speak a wholesome "good morning" to Mary tomorrow? For he had in that one brief instant sentenced himself to allow one free evening to pass without going home in the vain hope that Mary might lack an engagement, might even honor him with a delirious game of checkers, as she had once done. True, he reflected sadly, that one game had been suggested by Mary's mother.

Before he sat down Tansey had not noticed how smoke-filled was the room. Now it seemed to him that great, overwhelming billows of blue tobacco smoke swept toward him, obscuring the lights and making indistinct the figures moving about the tables at the farther end of the room. Then his thoughts wandered again to the sudden display of temper which had brought about his enforced idleness for the rest of the evening. His chin dropped to his chest, his half-closed eyes sought the floor as he mused. Would it be possible that he might nurse the feeble flame of spirit that had flickered momentarily till it could rival the fire of his ardor, which he dared not, could not, bring to expression in cold words? His head sank lower on his chest.

The evening successfully finished, successful insofar as Tansey had allayed suspicions concerning his apparent intentions in going home, Tansey rose and started to his room. But that newborn hope of strength to free his fettered tongue would not away. Glory of glories—was it to be that he could bring himself to speak what was in his heart?

It was with one foot upraised contemplating the first of the steps leading to the home of his Mary that Grandemont Tansey begot his Inspiration. Long in coming, the big thought crystallized swiftly in his mind once it had conquered stubborn inertia.

He would enlist! That was it. Then he could be Tansey Grandemont, the friendly, likeable warrior, known for his prowess instead of whimsical traits. His country needed men, too. Every circumstance seemed to conform itself to his dashing plan. When other men in the boarding house were twitting with Mary, or boldly taking her to the motion pictures, he

would be commanding her secret admiration with his noble deeds in war. And then, afterward—but it was too soon for that just now.

"Ever had pains from your eyes?" It was the last question of a long list the navy recruiting surgeon asked of Tansey. "No, sir," he allowed respectfully, plainly awed by the amazing skill of this uniformed man who seemed to know all about the human body and its accustomed frailties.

"All right, then, I guess you'll do. Ready to leave?"

"Y—Yes—sir." Tansey hadn't thought before to consider that he would have to leave the Peers' happy circle to do his fighting. This was a new phase. But it was too late now to falter. It was disconcerting, nevertheless.

And so it came to pass that some months later Tansey, or rather Grandemont, was aboard the Dauntless as a seaman in the service of his country. The good little destroyer was on patrol duty, protecting invaluable cargoes of food crossing the Atlantic to sustain our Allies until the Great Nation could supplement food shipments with thousands upon thousands of trained fighters.

Darkness came with a vengeance that night. The cold, piercing gray of the afternoon settled into utter blackness that engulfed everything. No lights visible aboard ship—no sounds save the droning throb of the powerful turbines and the heavy swish of seas that swept the decks as the destroyer dove, rolled and plowed onward.

"Rough night," shivered the retiring watch as Tansey came on to relieve him.

"Yeah." The voice rose strongly from the depths of a great slicker that seemed almost to be drawn over the head of the speaker. Little time to be wasted, though, in converse here. A man's job was there in the short hours of his watch, Tansey knew. Grimly he secured the knot in the stout line that had cheated storming crests of other nights of their human prey when the black sea had seemingly tried to smother the whole craft.

Dark minutes passed, unbroken save by the wearing drive of the waves in their prolongation of the age-old battle between man and the elements. The Dauntless plunged and tossed, her decks now high, now awash. It would seem for an instant that she could not drive on, would simply be twisted and rent asunder by the huge waves. But always her nose poked out of one rest, quivering, ready to attack the next and rejoicing in the contest.

Suddenly Tansey was caught, braced and secured as he was, unable to resist the onrush of many feet of roaring waters. He felt as though the Dauntless had gone down under his feet. Overboard he went, his line snapped as though a frail cord.

How long he was able to keep afloat in the raging sea Tansey never knew. It seemed countless ages to him. He was weakening rapidly, tired almost to utter exhaustion, because of the terrific battering he had received on the ship and the weight of the heavy clothing that now was a stone about his neck. Darkness still guarded the tragic situation jealously. The Dauntless had probably held it necessary for her existence to bear on without endangering the rest of her crew to pause in a superhuman



## “QUIVER”

search for one man, if indeed they had even missed him, yet.

Tansey felt, rather than saw, a gigantic billow about to break upon him. Weakly, dumbly, he raised one hand above his head as though to ward off a blow. His fingers touched a cold, hard object. His puzzled brain was too dazed to comprehend, but his fingers joyfully closed over it. The crash came before he gained it for his own. He gasped as if for his very life's breath and struggled to open his eyes to pierce the blackness and learn what had struck him.

He gasped weakly again.

There before him he saw a dense maze of tobacco smoke. At his feet a billiard cue rolled noisily along the floor, while a group of young men who looked familiar stood rollicking with laughter, gazing at him.

Tansey felt a sharp pain in his neck. He stroked it reflectively. His mind rebelled at consecutive operation. Slowly he began to piece together such fragmentary recollections as came to him. He recalled that he had intended to go home—Mary was there; then he'd entered a game of pool with the fellows who stood laughing there like monkeys; that he had vowed to sit in the billiard hall until it closed. H-m-m. He must have dozed off, the tobacco smoke was pretty thick, anyway.

“Come on, Grandy. Through with your nap yet?” It was the joking Buzz who spoke. “You must have been put to sleep by a hold-up man. Got all your money in your pockets?”

“Put to sleep.” The strain shook Tansey from his lethargy. Sure enough. That was it. The chloroform he spilled in the drug store. He had probably inhaled more than he thought for and didn't notice it while he was in the cool evening air outside. He gazed ruefully at the cue on the floor. In the intensity of his recent immersion in the icy Atlantic he had raised a hand and loosed the cue from the rack on the wall over his head.

Somewhat shamefacedly Tansey rose, replaced the cue, and went out. Separating himself from the crowd at his corner, he turned his face homeward, his romantic nature fired by his exploit in the realm of grisly men and boiling seas. Though only a dream, it stirred him to depths unknown before. Surely his courage had received nourishing stimulus from his venture, enough to put him on a plane with real men hereafter.

His muscles still cramped and his neck stiff, he was re-living parts of his drama as he mounted the steps of the Peers home and grasped the door. Then caution urged him to be more quiet lest he wake Mary.

Very faint, a slight rustle in the front room off the hallway, escaped Tansey's notice as he silently struggled to close the resisting door after him. A nervous, feminine finger reached for the lamp on the table and turned the burning wick lower instead of higher, in its nervousness. Tansey turned to ascend to his room, but a sound at the doorway of the front room made him hesitate. His heart bounded in leaps and nales upward.

There stood Mary, more lovely than ever, low-burning lamp in hand.

“How dare you stamp about so noisily at this hour of the night when I was trying to sleep?” she asked, a very red lip lowering just a trifle. Her own room was on the second floor.

“I—, well—er—”. Tansey faltered. Visions of his earlier

## "QUIVER"

courage flitted past his rapidly clouding intellect.

Dangerously near the trembling point, a nervous, feminine finger reached toward the lamp and turned the low burning flame wholly out, instead of higher, in its nervousness. Tansey was in a panic.

He turned helplessly toward the place where the lamp had been. The darkness was as jet. Tansey's knees cried out for strength.

A dainty warm hand fumbled at his sleeve, then slipped down to his hand, quite as if by chance, as one might seek guidance in the dark.

"Are you there, Tansey?" It was Mary's most beautiful voice that he heard, floating to his ears over miles of troublous black waters.

There was a delicate feminine, expectant cough. Tansey trembled almost audibly.

"I—I—er—think—I—have," Tansey drew a desperate breath, "have—another—match."

He had. His eager fingers hastily lighted the wick, not yet cold. And Tansey fled to his room as if pursued, there to dream of stealing a kiss from a golden haired maid with red, red lips.

## SOLDIERS OF DAWN.

*Ethel Leighterness.*

Out from the meadows and the glens,  
Out from the sheltered mountain side,  
Across the rivers, thro the woods,  
They come in all their manly pride,  
Soldiers of dawn, marching away,  
Out of the dark into the day.

No dream of conquest fills their souls,  
No hope of vain pride's golden store,  
No fear for what the morrow holds,  
The night of selfishness is o'er.  
Soldiers of dawn, the shadows past,  
Lo! Comes the light of day at last!

They hear the call of men oppressed,  
They see the light in children's eyes  
Die out in pain,—Across the wastes  
Of Flanders rings a mother's cries.  
And life and hope are dying there  
In France, the noble and the fair.

They swear allegiance to no king  
Except their God who bids them go,  
They bow before no scepter grim,  
They march, like men, to meet the foe.  
Upon their faces shines the light  
Of holy purpose and of right.

So on the roads of Picardy  
They throng with eager, willing feet,  
And life is sweet this spring-time day,  
But death they do not fear to meet.  
They fight to set all nations free,  
To save the world for liberty!





## *A Voyage to Angola.*

Ruth Quine McBride.

ANGOLA, with its area of 484,700 square miles, is thus considerably larger than Texas and California, our two largest states, combined. It has a population of over 4,000,000 inhabitants, and probably Americans know far less of it than of any other colony of equal size in the world. It is Portugal's largest possession and Angola is, incidentally, about fourteen times larger than its mother country.

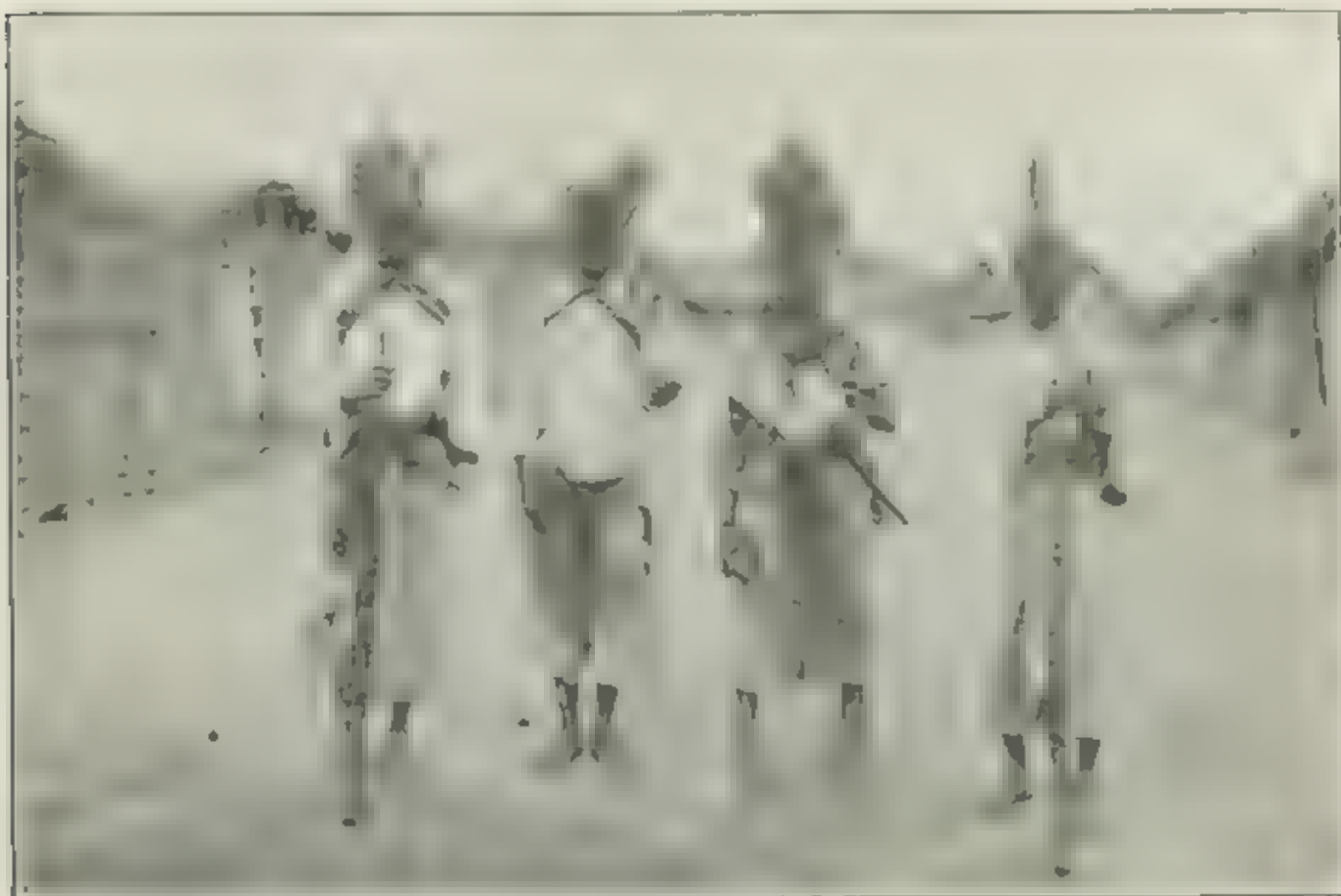
We started on our journey of exploration in this vast section of West Africa from Lisbon and well do we remember our arrival at the quay, which was crowded with people, all bustling about in the excitement of departure. We pushed our way to the gang plank and were soon on board the "Loanda," a very aged 3,000 ton steamer already filled with many varied and curious types, making up the passenger list of a tropic-bound vessel. There were Portuguese soldiers in their poorly-made, blue-grey cotton uniforms, officers with their trim, red-bound caps, traders of every size and color, and here and there, a motherly-looking Portuguese woman with her pretty, dark-eyed, olive-complexioned children. The steamer pulled out into the bay after many painfully tearful leave-takings, and there we had our first view of Lisbon from the water and found considerable justice in the expression "a second Naples." The trip down the Tagus passed rapidly and the steamer was soon out in the Atlantic, with her nose turned southward. We touched at beautiful Madeira, spent two interesting days among the Cape Verde Islands with their hot, barren mountains, slowly passed the shores of Sierra Leone and Liberia, dimly visible on the horizon, left piles of boxes, crates and barrels on the Island of Sao Thome, on the Equator, and, incidentally, took on board about 200 half-naked blacks—Sevicaes—who had been working on the cocoa plantations and were being repatriated to the Colonies from which they had been recruited. This addition to our passenger list was though interesting in the extreme, of doubtful value to our com-

## "QUIVER"

fort. The vessel was small and so, during the four days from Sao Thome to Loanda, it was difficult to promenade on the decks where our new arrivals sat in groups during the day and stretched out flat at night.

Thus it was natural that on the morning of the twenty-fifth day on board, we were glad indeed when the Captain announced that St. Paul de Loanda, the capital of Angola, would be sighted within a few hours. Having expected to see the dim line of land on the horizon gradually emerge into beautiful hanging palms and other brilliant green verdure, it was somewhat disappointing, as the ship drew nearer, to find cliffs almost as high as those of Dover stretching along as far as the eye could see and not beautifully white like the English cliffs, but a dark, sandy-looking red which seemed to spell blazing sun and malarial fever—almost devoid of vegetation.

The steamer slowly entered the large bay of Loanda, formed on one side by terra firma, and on the other by a long, narrow sand pit, which makes the port entirely calm. On this long, narrow island, were three or four little white buildings and a group or two of drooping palm trees, which were the only outward indication that we were in the tropics. Going around to the other side of the steamer we had our first view of the town Loanda and after the disappointing aspect of the coast along which we had been running, were pleasantly surprised. Vanished the pictures we had conjured up of a little jungle own with mud houses and thatched roofs—we saw a charming city of some 36,000 souls, with the white, pink, yellow and green business blocks, all with red-tiled roofs, lined along the water front, and behind them, on surrounding elevations, the smaller residential houses—much like Portuguese seaport towns the world over.



The steamer anchored and the Portuguese "Medico," customs officers and others came out to us in row boats. We bundled our belongings and ourselves into one of the many boats that came alongside and were soon making for the pier at a good rate with four brawny half-naked blacks tugging at the oars.

## "QUIVER"

Arrived at the pier, our luggage was taken into the white-washed customs house and the officers kindly chalk-marked the trunks, after which we were free to go forth into the town; so we impressed the services of ten strong natives, each of whom took a load on his head, and were off in single file through the well-paved streets to the little Hotel Areas. The "patron" met us with politeness and showed us to our room—comfortably, if barely furnished, with its mosquito-netted bed.

Later we went for a promenade and found considerable truth in a Portuguese writer's summary of Loanda, which he claimed to be the finest town in West Africa—wide streets, well laid out, lined with attractive-looking shops and comparing favorably with any European town of equal size. We were struck, of course, by the natives, who were everywhere—some dressed in white duck after the fashion of Europeans, but the majority whose costume would require extremely brief description. The native women wore a large square piece of brightly-colored cotton print in stripes and odd designs coming down to their ankles, wrapped around them, and the corners tucked in under the arms, leaving their copper-colored shoulders bare. Through the center of the town and parallel with the coast, runs the Rua Salvador Correa, about half-a-mile in length. This is the principal promenade and it is worthy of the name, with its broad paved surface and wide walks down the center and on both sides, lined with small palms. Here were to be seen several carriages with fine horses and the half-dozen automobiles of which Loanda is justly proud—and two of them were American cars which had found their way this far off the beaten paths of trade. In front of one of the most modern-looking stores we saw a large sign "Machina de Escribir Remington," and opposite, in a drug store of which any city might be proud, we noticed that the "productos farmaceuticas de Parke, Davis & Co." might be had. We made a small purchase in another store—an American fountain pen which cost 2\$750 (2,750 reis) but in "real money" only about \$2.00, and imagine our surprise when the sale was rung up on a National Cash Register all of which goes to bring up only more fully the interesting romance of trade.

Our meals in the garden of the hotel were a source of much conjecture, but any passing fears were soon allayed when our little bare footed black boy, M'ita, came up showing his white teeth in a winning smile and told us in good Portuguese what he had to offer. Delicious vegetable soup, strange fish caught by native women only an hour before in curious basket nets made by themselves, meat and chicken salad and olive oil, and last "la fruta"—bananas picked from the "patrons' trees, luscious mangoes, with their faint but agreeable suspicion of a turpentine taste, oranges and pineapples, all gathered on or near the premises. M'ita, who came from Landana, showed us a clever way to manage the mangoes without the immediate necessity of visiting the bath tub—they are so much more slippery than cling-stone peaches.

A delightful drive during our stay took us up to the "ciudad alta" where there are pleasant residences of painted stone with iron railings across the open windows, and a pretty plaza with a statute of the restorer of Angola—General Salvador Correa. On one side of the plaza is the long two-storied "palacio" of the Governor-General, and other government buildings. Still far-



## "QUIVER"

ther around the crescent-shaped heights is the extensive hospital of Maria Pia, impressively located in ample grounds—a modern institution where both Europeans and natives are cared for. Coming down the other side are the fine buildings of the American Mission and the nearly completed church, built entirely by converted natives—the first Protestant church to be built in the Colony.



Along the sea front we discovered another church almost sunken in the sand, so old that it cannot be used. The bell still hangs in its little open archway of stone, and the date inscribed over the door is 1647, a memento of days when the Dutch sent out an expedition and conquered the Colony. They held it from 1641 to 1648, when it reverted to the Portuguese. At this time the country had its certain sinister importance because of the fact, as the histories tell us, about fifteen thousand slaves had been annually exported thence to Portuguese Brazil. Going back still further for the explanation of this thriving old world town so far from the other parts of the civilized world, it is found that Diego Cam first explored the coast in 1486 and that Loanda was founded in 1578.

Altogether we spent three months in Angola and made some interesting excursions into the interior where, within an hour from the seacoast towns, one finds almost unexplored tropical jungle, with occasionally a typical native village, often dirty and squalid, with its little bamboo or mud huts. Every day we made fresh discoveries in this West African land, and now that we look back upon it, we feel the fascination of the "Silent Coast"—having already forgotten the fever, the mosquitos, the torrents of rain and other disagreeable things, and remembering only the bright sun, the green palms, the cheerful pattering of native feet, and the laughing faces of the little pickaninnies.

## "QUIVER"

# *When Spirits Walked.*

Kirby Ingoldsby, '17

"**T**ELL you, she's a find! She's the best medium in the city! Why she—!"

"Now, Norman, don't get excited. You know we've canvassed the situation thoroughly and we should have some one, but not this new and untried girl."

"You're both wrong! We can be our own mediums. Each of us can communicate with the spiritual world if we know how to put ourselves in a receptive mood."

"But we don't know how!"

"How can we learn?"

A babel of tongues descended on Mrs. Mann's library, where the Psychic Research Society was holding its weekly meeting. It was a pretty room, and looked very real and homelike; not at all an abiding place for spooks or spooky things. The only illumination came from the big fireplace, and lighted up the faces in the circle about the hearth. Mrs. Mann was a slight pretty woman, with dark hair, and eyes so youthful that one would never guess she was the mother of three grown girls. Her husband was a big man, whose twinkling blue eyes and ruddy cheeks belied his curly white hair and stamped him as fifty years young.

The man addressed as Norman was a steel gray man, whose speech and manner were both abrupt. One would think him a New York stock broker, rather than a delver into the mystic. His wife was like him—gray of hair, gray of eyes, gray of clothes.

Next came Mr. and Mrs. Graham, seeking solace in communication with their only son, killed "somewhere in France."

Of the others in this group, two were looking for romance; one was only interested in the scientific side of the question; and one young man was mostly interested in holding communication with the three daughters of the house.

The latter's eye continually wandered to the place on the wall from whence three lovely pictured faces gazed down at him. First came Margaret, sweet and serious; Maude the magnificent; Martha the mischievous. Ah! if they would only grace these meetings, there would be no need of communicating with another world. Such thoughts as these floated through young Alan Henderson's mind when he should have listened to the discussion of the relative merits of the various mediums.

The Grahams wanted immediate action. They wished to hold a seance with the medium at once. In fact, they proposed to go to her instantly. Others wished to wait and verify reports. The studies for the evening were forgotten, because each club member seemed possessed with the desire to have some action on this particular evening. Professor Norman wished to experiment with calling up the spirits themselves. He had a book, which described the process of a trance completely. Finally, he prevailed, and the difficulty of getting someone susceptible enough began. Each one wished to try, but it was Mrs. Mann who was finally chosen, as the best fitted.

A chair was put out in the middle of the room, and she took her place on it. Professor Norman became master of ceremonies, and he fixed the fire and pulled the curtains. Then he made



## "QUIVER"

a short and impressive address to the audience, admonishing them to be quiet, and not impair the success of the venture by sending out counter thought waves. He took his seat, and all was still. Mrs. Mann closed her eyes; her cheeks paled; she shuddered slightly. Nothing was heard save the breathing of the crowd; then faint rustlings. The atmosphere was charged, and finally one man leaned toward his neighbor, and whispered the sentiment of all—"The spirits are here! I feel them! They've answered our call." Simultaneously with this there came a long wailing call, like a siren. Mrs. Mann trembled, but kept her eyes tightly closed. Suddenly, there came a murmur, which rose to a shout.

"We're here! We're here! WE'RE HERE!"

Professor Norman shot a triumphant glance at Mr. Mann, who was beaming with pride on his wife, but no one uttered a sound. Again came the weird cry—

"We're here! We're here! WE'RE HERE!"

A terrified scream, and the sound of some heavy body falling tore the slight silence which followed the last call, and a clammy hand seemed to clutch at every heart in the room. The little medium's eyes flashed open, and the mother awoke and answered the distressed cry of her young. It was her agonized call of "Margaret" which galvanized every one into action.

Father Mann beat young Alan to the stairs by a good ten feet. As he thrust open the door of her room, he stopped, for there, a huddled heap on the floor, lay his dearest and oldest daughter. Only an instant did he pause, for he was promptly joined by his wife and Dr. Thomas, the scientist. While the work of restoration was going on, the rest of the company herded together in the hall, whispering as if fearful that some other danger threatened. Only Alan the dreamer stayed in the room, apparently lost in thought.

Margaret was not hurt, and was soon brought to, and when calmed a little she was asked why she screamed.

"Oh! it was horrible! I was writing at my desk, and suddenly, a big gray shadow fell across the paper, and grew bigger, and bigger, and I was so frightened I couldn't move. Something touched my shoulder, and then an awful voice downstairs called "We're here!" and another sharp movement at my back seemed to loosen my vocal chords and I screamed. Then I woke up and found all you people bending over me. Oh! what was it? I feel as if I had been seeing ghosts."

Margaret did not realize the significance of her remark, for she knew almost nothing of the meeting downstairs. But to the others, it was proof-positive that their summons had been answered, even though the reply was rather strenuous.

Mr. Henderson drew Mr. Mann aside and quietly displayed to him something of a very substantial material, which he had picked up on the thick rug behind Miss Margaret's desk. It made Mr. Mann look grave and thoughtful, and the cheerfulness with which he shooed the others downstairs was all assumed. Alan carried Margaret and very tenderly laid her on the lounge in the living room.

The nerves of the party were still very much shaken, but each tried to show a brave front to the world at large, and a fixed smile settled on their faces. They were just beginning to relax



## "QUIVER"

when for the third time came the siren, followed by the call:

"We're here! We're here! WE'RE HERE!"

In the living room, it was as if an icy blast had entered the room and frozen every one to his or her seat. Alan Henderson was in the hall, however, and the foot which he had raised to put on the first step of the stairs came down suddenly, and he right-about-faced with the promptness of a trained soldier. Was it possible that he had heard a giggle? Was he dreaming, or did the call which had so frightened him and the others, only come from the other side of the big front door? In his haste to find out, he stumbled over a phonograph, placed in the middle of the doorway and saw running figures. Alan was not the champion long-distance man of California for mere fun, and he beat these shadows to the waiting auto in the driveway, and before the driver could even touch the self-starter, Alan had them headed for the house. Brute force and moral suasion were needed in this operation, as the culprits seemed very unwilling to meet their judges.

The statues in the library came to life when the procession entered, led by Maude, her proud head hung in shame, and to hide the giggles, and ended by Alan, who half carried and half dragged Martha. Explanations followed.

"You know, Mother, we wouldn't do such a thing to hurt anyone, but it was so funny. We had taken the phonograph down to the beach for a dance, and we wanted to get it back to the house without anyone knowing it, but you were having the meeting, so we couldn't. Then we heard you talk about the spirits, and we thought it would be such a joke. And you all looked so stiff and scared." Martha could go no further. Laughter choked her, and her companions could ill conceal their chuckles.

Mrs. Mann was mortified beyond words to think that her children should do such a thing. But as her eyes sought the faces of her guests she was most surprised to find toleration, and good humor. As her glance fell on Alan, that estimable young man turned and fled upstairs. She discovered Mr. and Mrs. Norman alone gazing hostilely at the young people, and she realized that the Norman twins were in the party. Mrs. Mann was not the only one whose children were in this sacrilege. Dr. Thomas was beckoning to his favorite nephew. Why, this was a neighborhood affair.

Upstairs, Mr. Henderson encountered the strangest sight, in Margaret's room. Mr. Mann was sitting very rigid, listening to the strange words of a stranger man. Alan slipped into a seat, and became the second witness of the confession of one of the most daring porch-climber, burglar, and general desperados of the West.

"—an' this was my first job after I come here. That mejum told me to be careful, but I thought she was stringing me. I got in that window and across to where the gal was sittin', and she was so busy she didn't hear nothing, an' just as I was going to clap my hand over her mouth, they yells 'We're here! We're here! WE'RE HERE!' That stopped my hand, an' neither her nor I moved an inch. Then they yelled a second time, an' she screams, an' I dropped my gun, an' jumped for the closet there, thinkin' they mightn't find me there. You all coming up to

## "QUIVER"

help the gal saved my life, 'cause you frightened them away from me. Yes, I'm willin' to go to prison an' serve my time. They can't get me there. I'm goin' now." The ex-burglar finished his narrative of blood and thunder, and looked out at the black night. Then he turned and said simply, "I wish one of you guys would go with me—I'm scared."

Alan rose and said, "My car is outside. I'll run you over to the station." And they walked out together.

Mr. Mann sat thinking, and then got up and closed the window which the maurauder had entered, and locked it. Then he went downstairs, and while the young folks were fixing the refreshments in the dining room, he told the Psychic Research Society what had happened.

"Yes, young Henderson gave me the first clue by showing me the revolver, which had fallen behind Meg's chair; then he pointed to the open window, and called my attention to the proximity of the closet. The man was almost hysterical, and was sobbing and praying; he was so grateful to me for being a man and not a spirit, that he told me where I could collect all the bounties offered for him. It seems he had met a medium in some of his wanderings, and she had invited him to one of her seances. One of his old pals came and talked to him through her, and warned him to be careful. He was impressed, and yet he felt that she was a member of some gang, and had chosen that way to tell him to get out of the city. Now he firmly believes that all the ghosts of the people he has robbed are after him, and will kill him. It looks as though our seance tonight had saved Meg's life."

But it was here that he was told of the children's part of the affair. For a moment, he looked chagrined, then bursting into a hearty laugh, he said:

"Bless their hearts! That sounds just like Martha!"

At the next meeting, Dr. Thomas told the other members that he had been investigating and had found that the burglar-ghost needed an operation to make him a normal-minded citizen. Science had discovered that criminals were caused by bone pressure or some growth on the head, and therefore—"and with this cause the Doctor delivered a lecture on the science of the matter.

It was finally proposed to collect the rewards offered for his capture and have the necessary work done. And to go ahead of the story a few years, this was done, and the burglar devoted his life to the study of the Psychic, and gained much information for the scientific world.

\* \* \*

A group of women were seated on the broad hotel veranda, and toward this group came a young man. As he drew near, he heard one say laughingly to another:

"My dear Mrs. Henderson, you are positively uncanny. You take the thoughts right out of my mind. You should be a medium; you are so susceptible to thought waves."

"Yes, I'm like my mother in that," was the reply of the young woman.

And a few moments later to the young man: "Alan, why did you take me away so roughly? I thought you believed in spiritualism."

"Margaret, some day we'll discuss the subject, but on my honeymoon, I'm only interested in you."



## *To the Patriots of the Class of 1918*

Anna Hallack, '18

**W**HILE graduating in a time when one hears much of Americanism and Democracy. It is often thought that Democracy as a spirit, as an ideal, is new, that it is a creation of the present strife of humanity against imperialism. Let us not be deluded into this belief but rather, let us glory with pride as we search the annals of America, the land of ideals.

May we never think ourselves already sufficiently informed of the deeds of our Pilgrim Fathers. They gave America birth, impelled by the highest ideal that ever mortal might conceive, that of religious liberty. How strongly must that ideal have been imbedded in the hearts of that wonderful people! As they neared the bleak New England shore, no dramatic situation greeted them, spurring them on. They saw the dark, icy waves washing against a barren, desolate coast. How stronger could have been their ideal than, when harrassed by hardships which threatened their existence, thir very lives, they looked upward for strength and, with renewed courage, pressed forward in their work?

The voice of history lauds always with greater zeal, the deeds of its generals than its statesmen. So we must draw from America's wars the ideals and principles most dear to her.

Towards the latter half of the eighteenth century, thirteen colonies, divided in social, political and intellectual interests, united against the Queen of the Seas. We should feel proud when we know that they fought for a principle, a principle which at times smoldered when it should have burned brightly in the hearts of the English people. How must they have thanked the Americans for keeping alive those principles of justice and taxation and representation so dear to the hearts of freedom-loving people everywhere!

Years passed and this powerful nation was fast becoming divided into two factions, one prospering under the doctrine of the equality and freedom of man, the other bound in iron fetters by an institution, the iniquity of which only God is able to judge aright. However State sovereignty, the right of secession, or unequal representation between the North and South may have immediately brought on the war, we know that there was a great principle involved, that of freeing thousands from servitude.

Then followed a period of tremendous, overwhelming, internal development. Railroads wound their way across the country as though coming into existence in a single night. Business became concentrated and industrial problems arose. Men were so busily engaged in speculation, that government was neglected and graft crept in. Politics were developed to a machine-like perfection. Trusts and corporations monopolized different branches of industry. We had become a materialistic people. Rapid development and unusual mercenary advantages had made us sensible to only material interests.

In the midst of this incessant turmoil came a call for help from Cuba. The people there were struggling for self-government and their mother country used all possible cruelties in suppressing the rebellion. The sympathy of the American people was aroused to so great a pitch that it became necessary



## “QUIVER”

for the President to issue a proclamation of neutrality. The cruelties inflicted by Spain continued until our government recognized in the cries of those oppressed people, the call of duty, the duty of the strong to help the weak. Our government declared war upon Spain, not for conquest or gain, but because we wished to see the struggling Cubans enjoy those principles of liberty and freedom for which America stands.

This war has a significance which the people at large, engrossed as they were in economical problems, possibly did not comprehend. Spain, the might power of old, was possessed of a colonial policy which had successively lost for her her possessions in America. Our nation, founded upon principles of liberty and freedom, though very young, destroyed by this blow the intolerable, selfish, imperialistic colonial policy of Spain. America, entering the war for an ideal, not only succeeded in destroying a policy of tyranny, but gave liberty and freedom to a people who craved it.

We are now engaged in the greatest strife the world has ever known. In the course of our development as a nation, we have fought for many principles, but never for such broad principles as those concerned in this war. We know why we are in the war: that Democracy might live, and for the cause of humanity. Is it surprising then that there should be this great revival of ideals? For after reviewing these wars, their causes and results, we must agree that we are in a time of revived ideals, not new ones.

It is altogether right and justifiable that we should think of Democracy and Americanism as one great spirit for, during the time in which our country has developed from a few colonies to a nation, she fought and struggled for those principles of freedom and justice which are the essence of Democracy. And now, inspired with the same courage and strength of purpose which our Pilgrim Fathers brought forth, America is battling that all the peoples of the earth might live under the glorious principles of liberty and freedom which our country herself has established. It is a part of our duty to fully comprehend and appreciate these principles and ideals, and we must realize the necessity for keeping alive the spirit of true Americanism. Many of us may never play a spectacular part in the world's drama, but it is the constant daily living that is to keep alive these ideals of Americanism. May we, as workers for our noble America, the land of strength, principle and high purpose, do our part, however small, that these ideals shall never again lie dormant in the hearts of Americans.



## *Life at Great Lakes.*

Gelston V. Poole, '16.

NO DOUBT you students of the Pontiac High School would be interested in knowing what training a "Jackie" is given at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. It is located about thirty miles north of Chicago.

Fifteen years ago a board, appointed by Congress, selected this site on the shores of Lake Michigan. Public spirited citizens of Chicago did their share by purchasing the site of 160 acres, at a cost of \$93,000, and donating it to the government. From a hamlet with approximately 1,500 inhabitants to a bustling city of more than 15,000 men has been the growth at Great Lakes since 1916.

A recruit passes his first three weeks in Camp Farragut, one of the detention camps, where he is thoroughly examined and furnished with a uniform, after having satisfied the physicians he is free from disease. Forty-eight men are housed in a barracks building, 24 to the unit. The men are isolated in the barracks buildings, where their food is brought to them. The dishes used do not leave the building, the washing being done by the men. Every "Jackie" is "shot" the first day he is in camp without even having the chance to see a German. The "shots" fired in this warfare are hypodermic injections of anti-typhoid serum, and in the bluejacket's language each injection is known as a "shot in the arm." A prick of the needle, a swab of iodine, a bunch of gauze taped over the arm, and it's all over. Possibly the victim may notice a slight stiffness for a day or so, with a loss of appetite over one meal. As a result of these treatments, typhoid and small pox are unknown at Great Lakes.

One of the most unique and practical contrivances for the education of bluejackets at Great Lakes is the "ship in the woods." This device is a dummy steering wheel, mounted on a bridge with a compass and other articles needed for the immediate navigation of a vessel.

A school has been established in order to train men for the quartermaster's work at sea. A quartermaster, not to be confused with the quartermaster or supply man of the Army, is the sailor who steers the course of the ship under the direction of the officers. He also must be a well-qualified signal sender and receiver, knowing all the forms of visual communication by day and night. Instruction in all these arts is given at the quartermaster's school. Particular attention is paid to the compass and its uses.

Great Lakes boasts of the largest single radio district in the United States and one of the best schools. The communication radius is approximately 2,000 miles, and has records of messages as far as Japan, Germany and Honolulu.

The radio school is located at Camp Perry. The beginners start by learning the International Code, which is used in wireless telegraphy. All depends on the beginner's ability to assimilate the "spark language." If he is alert and wide awake he should be able to receive ten words per minute after a few weeks' schooling. The pupil is then given an examination and is sent to Harvard University or Dunwoodie Institute, Minneapolis. There he attends one of the government's advanced schools.

## "QUIVER"

where the finishing touches are given before he goes to sea. While at Harvard the men are given practically the same accommodations as the regularly enrolled civilian students.

The band at Great Lakes is directed by Lieut. John Sousa. It numbers approximately 400 pieces, including 70 buglers and a fife and drum corps of 50. It is the largest naval or military band in the world. The Navy Department has given this aggregation the official name of "The Band of the United States Navy."

The "Jackie" lives in the simplest manner. Hammocks, strung up six feet from the floor are a welcome sight after a day's hard work of laying tracks, unloading cement, or shoveling snow. No formality at the table, "grab and be thankful for all you can eat" is the "Jackie's" slogan.

As I have been associated with only one branch, namely, the radio, of this great station, I have quoted freely from the "Souvenir History of United States Naval Training Station," issued by the Athletic Association. This is an annual about the size of your "Quiver," developed in practically the same style. I wish you success with your annual this year and thank you for an opportunity to do my "bit."



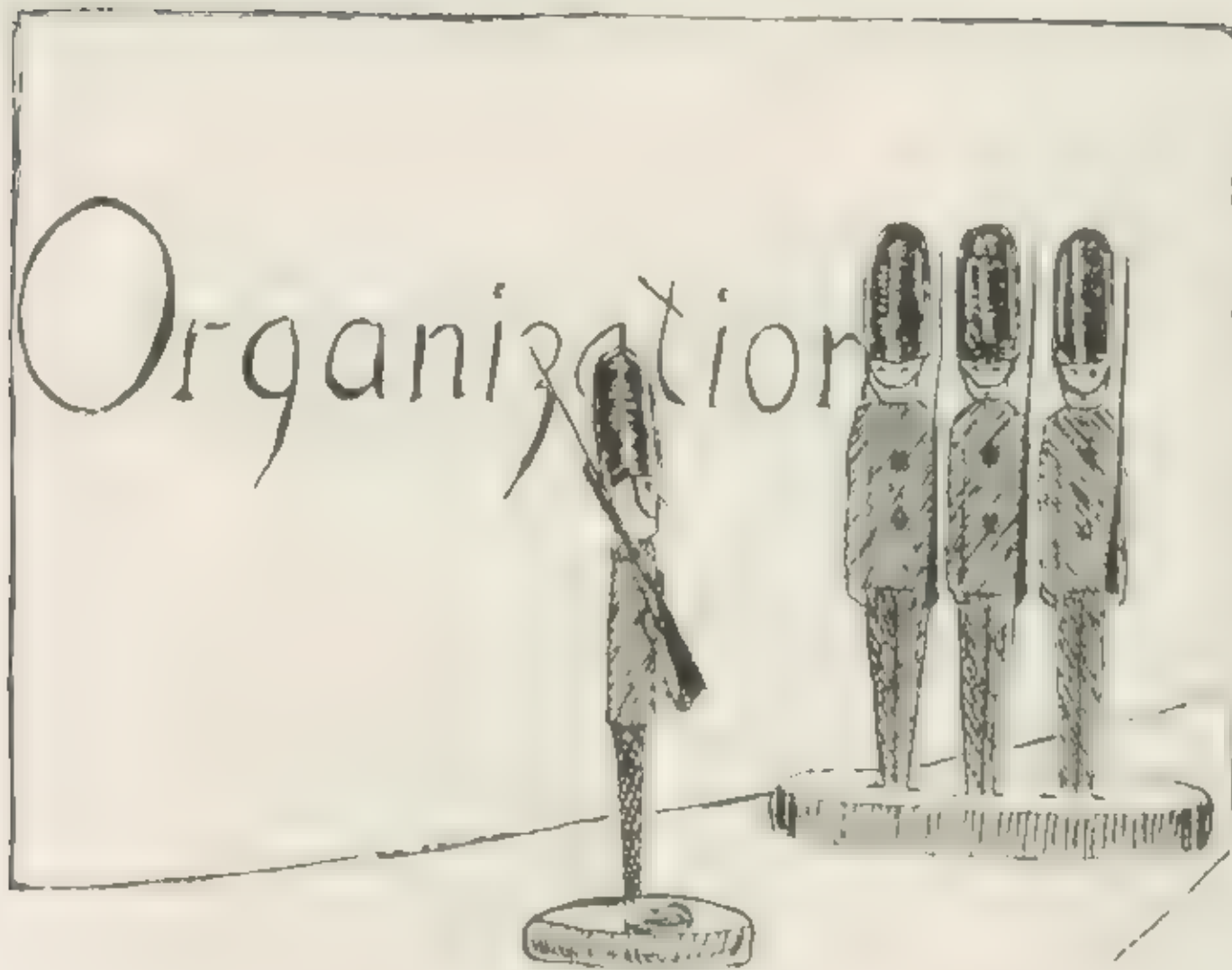


"QUIVER"



"QUIVER"





THE TOMAHAWK  
THE SHAKESPEARE DRAMATIC CLUB  
THE IROQUOIS DEBATING CLUB  
THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION  
THE GIRLS' BOOSTER CLUB  
THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB  
THE ORCHESTRA  
THE CHORUS  
THE BAND



"QUIVER"



"QUIVER"



# The Tomahawk Board.

In reporting the year's work of the Tomahawk, we hardly know where to begin and where to end, our activity having been so vast during the months of the school year. If we are to begin with the election of officers early in the year, which is probably as good a place as any to begin, we would say that the board elected at that time seemed highly capable of editing a creditable magazine and accordingly we set to work. The result has been four numbers, and as we give this to the Quiver we are threatening to put out another. The Tomahawk has been changed from a "monthly" publication to an "occasional" one, but notwithstanding this fact, we claim that we have gone in for quality rather than quantity this year and the results have been very gratifying. We have received several compliments on our make-up and stories of which we are justly proud.

We want to take this opportunity to thank the students for the support they have given us, and I wonder if we might be excused for saying that it was mighty little that we got in the way of contributions. However, an editorial staff never grumbles, and that is not what we are writing this for. You who know the student body as well as we have probably wondered where we got all our stories, jokes and articles during the school year with which we filled our pages, but this is no time for the divulging of secrets, and we will only say that we have had several faithful ones who have not been a bit particular as to what name we placed at the top of their excellent contributions; "Anonymous" or "Luke McLuke," it was all the same to them, and we are taking this opportunity of giving them our sincere thanks.

## The Board

Donald J. McGowan, '19.....	Editor-in-Chief
Clare W. Burke, '19.....	Business Manager
Norma Springer, '18.....	Assistant Editor
Clyde G. Townsend, '18.....	Assistant Editor
David Preston, '19.....	Assistant Business Mgr.
Harold James, '19.....	Assistant Business Mgr.
Elizabeth Dawson, '18.....	Art Editor
Donald J. McGaffey, '19.....	Circulation Manager

## Department Editors

Dorothy Hanson, '19.....	Literary
Bruce Buchanan, '18.....	News
Winston Mather, '19.....	Athletics
Maurice M. Moule, '19.....	Exchanges
Maurell L. Baxter, '18.....	Jokes
Faculty Advisor.....	Mrs. Hinds



"QUIVER"





## *Shakespeare Dramatic Club.*

Early in September, the club met and elected officers at its initial meeting. During the year, practically the only thing which the club has done in a business way was the purchase of two sets for the auditorium stage, representing two dwellings of the period of Shakespeare. The club feels that the fifth year of its existence has been most successful.

Director—Miss Blanche Avery.

President—Stewart T. Beach, '18.

Vice-President—Katherine Beardslee, '18.

Secretary—Maurice M. Moule, '19.

Treasurer—Wm. H. Seeley, '18.

~~Business~~ Manager—Donald J. McGowan, '19.

Property Manager—Marian Chamberlin, '18.

## The Taming of the Shrew.

Following the example set by our predecessors, we began early in November to practice for our play, which we gave on Thursday, March 21, to a well-filled auditorium. We feel that the appreciation which the audience showed of our work, amply repaid us for the long practices which have been necessary. The tireless work of our director in preparing us for the play is well appreciated, and without her, the production of the play would have been impossible.

"The Taming of the Shrew" is probably one of the most difficult of Shakespeare's plays to present, in that it calls for considerable character work of a nature which can be produced only after long and careful study. The cast took hold of the play in an enthusiastic manner and left no doubt as to its success.

The club has enjoyed no social affairs during this year, the only times when the members have been together for anything other than business, having been the two suppers which we enjoyed in the lunch room on days when Miss Aevry did not dare lose track of us long enough to allow us to go to our homes.

Following is the dramatis personae of the play:

Baptista.....	Stewart T. Beach
Vincentio.....	Bruce Buchanan
Mortensio.....	Raymond Tubbs
Gremio.....	William H. Seeley
Petruchio.....	Donald J. Bailey
Tranio.....	Donald J. McGowan
Biondello.....	Maurice Bombar
Grumio.....	Donald McGaffey
Curtis.....	Alice McKinnon
A Pedant.....	Merritt Lillis
Katherine.....	Madeleine Hazelton
Blanca.....	Dorothy Hanson
Widow.....	Katherine Beardslee
Tallor.....	Maurice Bombar
Haberdasher.....	William Armstrong
Peter.....	Donald VanStone
Philip.....	Donald McGowan
Nathaniel.....	William Armstrong
Joseph.....	Maurice Bombar



## "QUIVER"





## *Iroquois Debating Club.*

While as an organization we have not been especially active this year, debating has flourished in the school this year as never before since the days of the old House of Representatives some time ago. Early in the season we got together and elected our officers, but it was found that our meetings were poorly attended. After a consultation of the executive board of the club and Mr. Dudley, it was decided to hold a series of debates during the regular chapel periods, and as a result of this, the first one took place on October 29, when a national constitutional amendment in favor of woman suffrage was discussed. The affirmative, with Messrs. Louis Stempfly, Donald McGowan and Maurice Moule as its representatives, easily took the decision. The losers were Donald McGaffey, Stewart Beach, and Bruce Buchanan. November 27 saw the staging of the second debate, this time with a progressive inheritance tax as the argument. Messrs. Townsend, Hallack and Jenks took first place with the affirmative side, with Messrs. Auten, Phillips and Marentay as the losers. The third episode of the series took place on December 17, with the government ownership of railroads holding the center of the stage. Again the affirmative won, held up by the same team as in the second debate, while Messrs. Stempfly, McGowan and Moule were losers. The last of the school series was held on January 21, and was of a rather farcial nature. We never heard quite so many words expended to say nothing before in our lives. And it was no worse on one side than another. We felt after that debate that our school debaters would be good on the firing line, at least if gas warfare were to be used. It took the judges a good

## "QUIVER"

long time to decide that there was any decision to be made, but finally the affirmative, represented by Messrs. McGowan, Beach and McGaffey, was awarded the decision. Jenks, Townsend and Stempfly were on the short end of the score.

On February 9, the official high school team journeyed to New Baltimore, to engage in the first interscholastic debate in which Pontiac has ever participated. Messrs. Jenks, Townsend and Stempfly made up the personnel of the team, with Donald McGowan going along as a sort of combined substitute, rooter, and press correspondent. We are sorry to report that the debate was not successful from our standpoint. Whether the boys were over-confident, or just what was the cause of the defeat, we are not sure, and as we are not good at alibis, we will just say that they were beaten because the other side had the better argument and let it go at that. Let us hope that those who will lead the school in debating next year will be able to guide our fortunes to the victory in the final contest for the supremacy of the state.

The officers of the club are: President, Stewart T. Beach, '18; Vice-President, Donald J. McGowan, '19; Secretary, Bruce Buchanan, '18; Treasurer, Maurice Moule, '19; Sergeant-at-Arms, Maurell L. Baxter, '18.







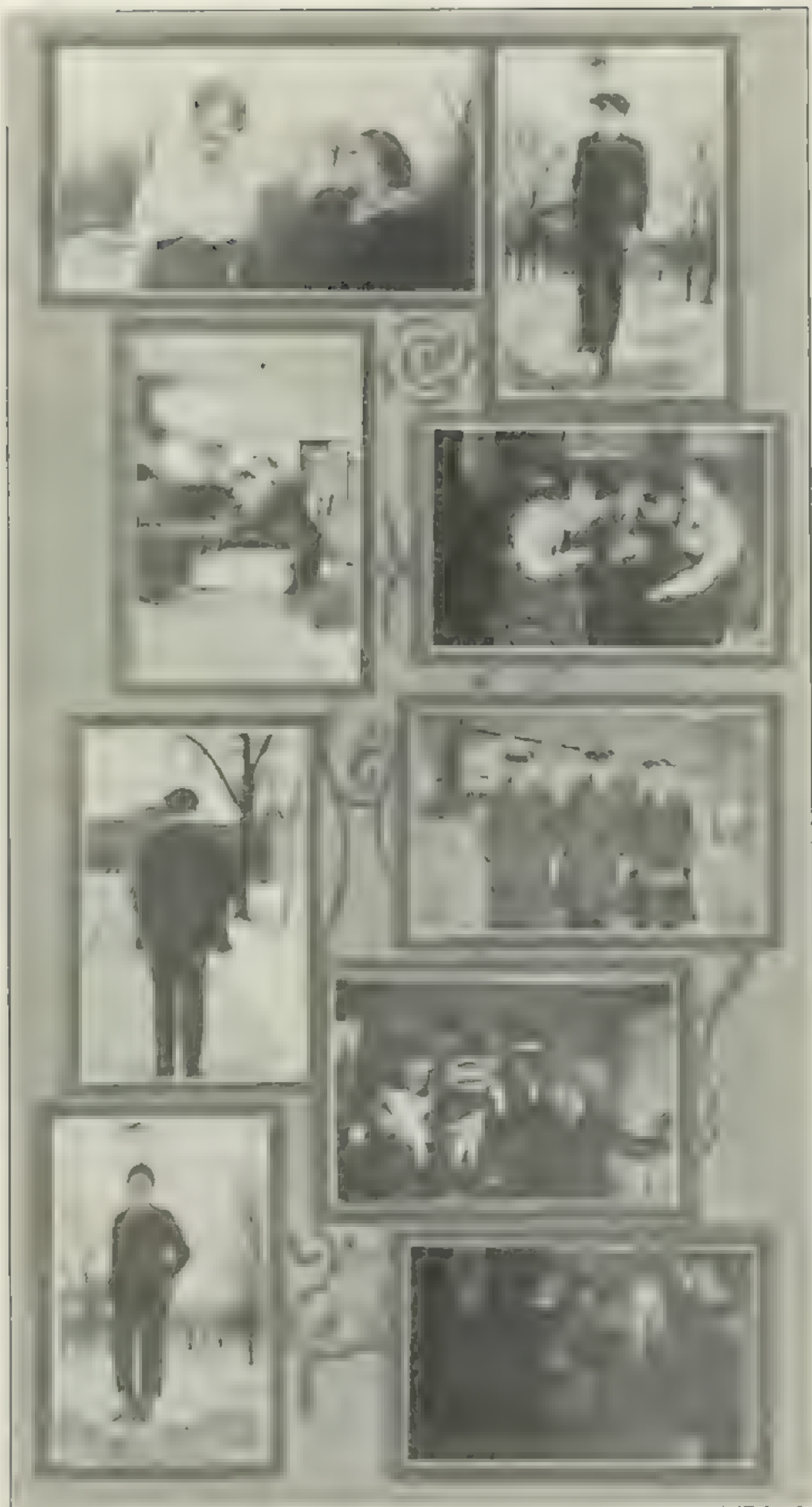
## *Girls' Booster Club.*

During the past year, the Girls' Booster Club has done very little, owing to the various other school activities in which the girls have taken an active part. The club purchased a Liberty Bond during the First Liberty Loan campaign. Although our meetings have been few and far between, we still boast of the fact that our club continues to exist, while the Boys' Booster Club has long since faded into oblivion.

Early in the year the following officers were elected:

President.....	Ernestine Fisher
Vice-President.....	Elizabeth Henning
Secretary.....	Margaret Lynch
Treasurer.....	Lorraine Johnson

"QUIVER"



"QUIVER"





## Girls' Glee Club

This year saw the organization of the first Girls' Glee Club of the Pontiac High School, and while its public appearances have not been many, it has been welcomed warmly by the public each time it has appeared. At a meeting held early in the fall, officers were elected and the club began its practices. The club made its first public appearance on October 30, when it gave a concert in the auditorium, the proceeds of which went to the purchase of a Liberty Bond. The concert was a success from every standpoint and was voted excellent by all. The girls' quartette, composed of members of the club, made its appearance during the evening. Its personnel is as follows: First soprano, Josephine Toynton; second soprano, Marian Willits; first alto, Thelma Spencer; second alto, Ruth Welch.

During the winter months, meetings of the club were held each Thursday afternoon, immediately at the close of school, but with the coming of spring, and with the work of the opera which the chorus is to give, taking up the time of the members of the club, it was decided to dispense with these meetings. The club is taking an active part in "The Bo'sn's Bride," which the chorus is to give as a part of the May Festival, all members of the Glee Club being in the chorus as well. We trust that next year, the work which has been so well begun may be carried out, and that it will be supported in as worthy a manner as it has been this year by the school. Following is the personnel of the organization:

Vera Baldwin, Marion Blakeslee, Gertrude Coleman, Harriet Coleman (President), Barbara Fisher (Treasurer), Ernestine Fisher, Lucile Hooper, Nellie Howard, Margaret Losee, Margaret Lynch (Secretary), Doris Moreland, Eva Pangborn, Helen Rudicel, Thelma Spencer, Josephine Toynton, Veda Ward, Ruth Welch, Marian Willits.





## *Athletic Association*

The Athletic Association was not formed this year until a later date than former years, but since its formation it has carried on the work of looking after the athletic activities of the school in a capable manner. At a meeting held early in the year Raymond Tubbs was elected president of the organization. William Seeley received the vice-presidency, and William Lyons was made secretary. To Merritt Lillis, as treasurer of the association, the funds were entrusted, while Donald Fildew was again made student manager. Of course, Mr. Travis was re-elected faculty manager.

## *The Band*

We haven't a better known nor a more useful aggregation in the school than our High School Band. I say better known because every one knows the band, whether they're in school or out. They can't help it, for we play loud enough for everyone to hear us. No, we don't save anyone's feelings. We play anywhere and everywhere, and every time anyone wants any music or just plain noise they call on the band.

We've been patriotic this year, too, in lending our services each time the draft men have left for Camp Custer. Rain or shine, we've sent them off on the eight o'clock train and we've made nearly as much noise as the City Band ever could.

At concerts we usually play "The Enchantress." We stopped calling it that two or three years ago, though, so we have to think of a new name every time we play it. The crowd doesn't know the difference—at least not all of them—and we don't forget what Lincoln said about being able to "fool some of the people all the time."

We haven't had many "pay jobs" this year, but then, when we just play for the fun of the thing, who cares about the money? The School Board lets us have a little bit when we need it, but we don't have to ask very often. All the the same, we appreciate their good will and know that they're back of us all the time. That helps a whole lot. Sometimes we don't have enough uniforms to go around, because someone always leaves his at home, but that's how the people know us when we play downtown. If they didn't see someone without a uniform they might think it was the City Band, and that wouldn't be quite the thing, you know.

We're awfully sorry to lose some of our Seniors this year, but we hope they'll come back and play with us sometimes. We're sure, anyway, that they won't soon forget the jolly good times they've had with the High School Band.

### THE ROSTER

CORNETS—Dudley, Lyons, Batchelor, Beach, Sadler, Moule.

ALTOS—Porter, Sovey.

TROMBONES—Burke, Smith, Gordon, Phillips.

CLARINETS—Linabury, Seeley, Nagengast, Glass.

SAXAPHONES—Stroupe, VanStone.

BARITONES—Fisher, Auten.

TUBAS—Starr, Schrage.

DRUMS—Graves, Davis.

DIRECTOR—S. M. Dudley.



"QUIVER"



## *The Orchestra*

The past year has been one of the most successful which the High School Orchestra has ever enjoyed, and under the direction of Mr. Quayle, the Friday practices have been more than profitable to all those who have taken the work for the year. Between thirty and forty students reported for the work early in the year, and the addition of several horns lent color to the playing of the orchestra. Books were secured early in the year containing several numbers of a really difficult character and the manner in which the students took hold of the work of getting them into shape for public presentation was more than gratifying.

The orchestra has been able to help out this year at many of the performances of the school year and at all of the performances it has been well received. As few of those who have been leaders in the orchestra work this year will graduate, next year should be an even more successful year under the able direction of Mr. Quayle.

"QUIVER"



## *The Chorus*

The year of 1917-18 has been a most successful one for the chorus and all who have had anything to do with it have felt that they have been amply repaid for the time which they have spent. The chorus was organized during the second week of school, under the direction of Harry Quayle, supervisor of music in the schools, and under his able direction, during the first semester, the pupils were given instruction in reading music, as well as in doing some two and three-part singing. The results were very gratifying, and the students took hold of the instruction in a way which could not help but bring success to their efforts. Many chapel assemblies were enlivened by the singing of some of the delightful folk songs and old time melodies, the learning of which was a part of the work of the chorus for the year.

At the beginning of the second semester, the study of an opera was begun, this year, "The Bo'sn's Bride." Though not a Gilbert and Sullivan piece, as has been presented in former years by the chorus, it follows the same rollicking style of those well-known composers, and the pupils enjoyed it very much. The culmination of the study of the opera was reached in its presentation, on June 7 and 8, before crowded houses. It was originally planned to have the opera but one evening, but popular demand decided that another performance was necessary. Both the principals and the chorus handled their parts in a manner which bespoke great interest upon their own parts, as well as tireless work by the director, and considerable praise is due them. The gratifying manner in which the chorus has entered into the spirit of its work this year promises great things for the chorus next year, and with the entrance of many Freshmen into the class, and the retaining of many of the principals of the cast, next year's play should prove as popular as the "Bo'sn's Bride" has done.



## "QUIVER"



## "QUIVER"



Under the Direction of Edgar J. Ebbels.

### *Department of Public Speaking*

Enrollment of students in the public speaking classes for this year has been very large, and the interest taken in the work has been exceptional. As no credit is given for the work, the students are encouraged only by a real desire to learn something of the art of speaking in public to take up the class work.

Early in December, students from the classes gave a presentation of "A Scrap o' Paper," to one of the largest crowds which has ever been present at a high school performance. All members of the cast assumed their roles with an ease which gained for them considerable applause from those witnessing the performance. Several of the members of this cast also appeared in the production of "The Taming of the Shrew," and the training which they received in the earlier production aided them in their work in the latter play.

Donald J. McGowan and Miss Eva Pangborn were winners in the Lynch Medal oratorical contest and high school declamation contests, respectively. McGowan's oration dealt with the "third degree" of police court fame and was entitled "The Law of Force and the Force of the Law." Miss Pangborn chose as her topic, "The Independence of Cuba." The two were successful in the sub-district contest held in the local auditorium on April 19 and will now represent the school in the sub-district contest to be held on May 17.

Last year, Stewart Beach took first place in the State Oratorical Contest, while Miss Rhea Schlaack took second place in the declamation field. Pontiac High School now holds the peculiar distinction of being the first school to have two contestants in the State Contest for two consecutive years.



"QUIVER"





"QUIVER"





# Athletics

## FOOTBALL—FIRST TEAM

Dort (Here)

Pontiac opened its season on September 29th by defeating Dort High of Flint. Although the team had only been practicing a few weeks, they put up a fine exhibition of football, piling up 148 points while the visitors failed to make a count.

## **"QUIVER"**

### **Ypsilanti (Here)**

Ypsilanti was the next victim of the local scoring machine. Pontiac used straight line plunging during the greater part of the contest and found little difficulty in gaining ground by that route, scoring 62 points while Ypsi was held scoreless.

### **Monroe (Here)**

Monroe was the next to go down to defeat before the attack of the Pontiac warriors, the score being 20-0. Monroe gave Coach Rogers' boys more opposition than any aggregation which had presented itself so far during the season. The visitors outweighed the locals considerably and showed plenty of fight, but their defeat was due to the fact that they were unable to break through the Pontiac line.

### **Northern (Here)**

The next game came very near giving us an awful surprise, due to the over-confidence of our boys. A blocked punt recovered on our opponents' 70 yard line saved Pontiac from at least a tie game and a possible defeat. The visitors put up a plucky scrap throughout, but were beaten, the final score being 7-0.

### **Central (There)**

Pontiac received its first defeat at the hands of Detroit Central, the final score being 14-0. The game was played in a sea of mud and water, and as Central presented the heaviest team, they naturally had the advantage. The Centralites got away with a flying start and gathered their 14 points in the first five minutes of play. After this our boys got their "sea legs" and kept the ball in their opponents' territory during the rest of the game, though unable to score.

### **Western (Here)**

A brilliant finish by our team enabled us to defeat Western, 27-13. The Cowboys put up a scrappy fight, but were unable to stand the pace put up by the locals and could not hold out against the straight line plunging which netted Pontiac two touchdowns in the last quarter and likewise, the game.

### **Cass (There)**

Cass Tech was badly beaten by Coach Rogers' boys on Goldberg Field, the final count being 40-0. The game was played in the morning, and this may have accounted in a measure for the slowness of the play. The Pontiac aggregation had little difficulty in beating the Tech boys, who were unable to even threaten a touchdown during the contest.

### **Ann Arbor (There)**

The next game was with Ann Arbor and proved to be a slow and tedious contest due probably, as in the previous game, to the fact that the Pontiac boys were tired after their long car ride to the University City. Our boys scored their touchdowns early in the game and had little difficulty in holding the long end of the count. The final score was 13-0.

### **Flint (There)**

This game was one of the hardest fought of the season and marked the second defeat of the Pontiac boys, this time by a score of 7-6. Our team made its touchdown early in the game, while the Flint outfit with several long passes placed the ball behind the posts in the last quarter, managing to kick goal and defeat the Pontiac boys.

"QUIVER"





## "Q'IVER"

### Alumni (Here)

On Thanksgiving morning, the team closed its season with the annual Alumni game. Contrary to the usual rule, the game was hard fought throughout and the large crowd which turned out to witness the game was treated to an exhibition of good football. With several college stars in their line-up, the graduates managed to defeat the school boys by the narrow margin of 7-0.

### Our Yell MASTER



D J BAILEY

“QUIVER”



## **"QUIVER"**

---

### **SECOND TEAM.**

Under the able coaching of "Doc" LeFevre, the second team presented an appearance which was hardly equalled by any team of its weight in the state. The team was light, there being few heavy men on the line and the backfield being almost in the featherweight class. The team had a most successful season, winning five out of the eight games played.



## "QUIVER"

### FIRST TEAM

Basket ball practice began soon after the Thanksgiving vacation, with four veterans back from last year and plenty of good material from which to pick new men. On the whole, the season was one of the most successful which Pontiac High School has witnessed since the old days when the state championship came this way.

Fourteen games were played during the season and twelve of these were victories for the locals. Central was the only team which managed to defeat us, both games played with them, being defeats for us.

"Speck" Collins, who was elected captain of the team, left school early in the season to join the service, leaving a difficult position to be filled. Coach Goodloe Rogers appointed Kinney to the place left vacant by his departure.

The team loses by graduation this year, three of the men who have been its mainstays during the season. Captain Kinney, Kirby and Lillis have played their last basket ball as P. H. S. students, but it is hoped that in the wealth of material which the second team showed during the year, worthy successors to them will be found. No captain for the 1919 five has been elected as we go to press.

The line up of the team was as follows: Kinney, Kirby and Lillis forwards; Pomfret center; Starr, Vreeland, Watchpocket and Tubbs, guards.







## “QUIVER”

### THE EVIDENCE

	Pontiac	Opponents
Holly at Pontiac.....	45	9
Alumni at Pontiac	22	11
Central at Detroit	13	28
Eastern at Detroit.....	10	8
Western at Detroit.....	10	7
Cass at Pontiac.....	25	16
Lansing at Pontiac.	28	16
Central at Pontiac.....	13	23
Ann Arbor at Pontiac.....	15	11
Orchard Lake at Pontiac...	18	11
Northern at Pontiac.....	15	7
Ypsilanti at Pontiac	22	15
Western at Pontiac.....	22	15
Birmingham at Birmingham,	31	8
	295	185

## "QUIVER"

### SECOND TEAM

We are justly proud of our second team, which we claim is the fastest and scrappiest aggregation of its weight which we have seen play this season. Although below the average team in weight, the "scrubs" had no difficulty in defeating the most of the teams against whom they were pitted. They were coached by L. R. Phelps, and after witnessing the exhibition of his work in the faculty game we did not wonder why his team attained the quickness and speed of play which it did. The team lined up for play as follows: McCallum and H. Soper, forwards; Baer and Sovey, centers; A. Soper and Beardman, guards.



## "QUIVER"

### BASE BALL

As we go to press, the base ball team has been out a week, too short a time to make any predictions as to their ability. It has been planned to have a series of games between teams from the various classes and, following these, to start the varsity schedule. Owing to the fact that because of the war many schools are undecided as to their base ball for this year, it has been a difficult matter to arrange a schedule and at this time, it remains uncertain. Dates have been given by some schools, but it is not thought feasible to give these here, as they are not in a measure certain. Games have been arranged with the following schools: Birmingham, Fenton, Port Huron, Central, Holly, Northern and Western.





"QUIVER"



## "QUIVER"

### PONTIAC HIGH SCHOOL'S FIRST FOOTBALL TEAM

Twenty-six years ago, when the first football team of the Pontiac High School took the field, conditions at that institution were not what they are today. As everyone knows, there is now no more efficient high school in the state. The faculty consists of upwards of twenty-five specialists, including a director of athletics. The gymnasium is equipped with everything a college athlete would want in the way of showers, lockers, etc., etc.

In the fall of 1892, when the first team was organized, there were but six teachers. The High School occupied the second floor of the old Grove School building, there was no gymnasium of any sort, no field for practice except the grove, and you athletes of today would have been disgusted with what little we had in the way of apparatus. But among the teachers there were two men who realized the value of athletics, and with the help and encouragement of Warren Smith, our principal, and Frank C. Arthur, of the business department, a team was organized and made up as follows: Captain Frederick A. Broad (deceased), E. C. Smith, Jr., now of the Smith Printing Co., Flint, Michigan; Reginald Pound, of the P. & G. Paint Co., Grand Ledge, Michigan; Walter W. Smith, secretary of the O. J. Beaudette Co.; William Strickland, of the United States postal service; Alexander Hay, attorney-at-law, Detroit; Arthur Spencer, farmer, Avon township; Louis Buttolph, who died in the United States service in Porto Rico, during the Spanish-American war; George Gibson, Manager R. B. Ridgley Co., Detroit; Harry Featherstone, farmer, Pontiac township; Robert O. LeBaron, M. D., Portsmouth, Ohio; Roy Wiest, M. D., Denver, Colorado; Louis McClellan, and Ross Stockwell.

Our only coach was a rule book which Captain Broad carried in his pocket. We had no second team to practice with and no chance for a scrimmage until we got into a real game. Our suits were mostly home-made, and with little or no padding in the pants, nose and shin guards were unknown. Moreover, as we had no athletic association back of us, each member had to go down into his own pocket and buy the ball and make up any and all deficiencies.

Our home games were played on the old Oakland County Fair Grounds, on Saginaw Street, where Fairgrove Avenue is now located, and when we played away from home, it was with the second team of the Michigan Military Academy. The first team at the Academy was in the big college class.

The essential rules of the game have not changed much except as to starting. Then there was no kick-off. When the umpire blew the whistle the team which had the ball formed into V shape, the center leading, and the quarter back in the V enclosure with the ball, and started down the field to meet the other team, which could not start to meet the wedge until the team with the ball reached the middle of the field. When the teams came together there was a real clash and so many accidents occurred that this rule was soon abolished.

At this time there were no High School colors, but it may be of interest to note here that the first use of the Orange and Black was in the hose worn by several members of this team, which

## "QUIVER"

were knit by Mrs. Edward C. Smith, mother of one of the boys. Of course, we had a yell, and it was composed and taught us by Alexander Ray of the team.

This, then, was the beginning of Pontiac High's activities on the gridiron. We won no laurels as champions, but take to ourselves some credit for having set rolling the ball that has since won many for our successors.



E. C. Smith, Jr., Pound, W. W. Smith, Broad, Strickland, Ray, Spencer, Buttolph, Gibson, Warren Smith, Arthur, Featherstone, LeBaron, Stockwell, McLelland, Wiest

"QUIVER"





"QUIVER"





*Ticklings*

## "QUIVER"

Miss Barnett—"What was the Restoration?"

Freshie—"A take—Papa is just as bald as he was before he used it."

\* \* \*

From a Freshman English Paper: "The white people wore clothes made from the mother country."

\* \* \*

M. Forsythe—"What's the second one from the end on the schedule?"

A. Lamb—"Beach—Eat'in—Gym."

\* \* \*

Miss Heltsch (in English I. Class)—"Give a description of Gurth."

Freshman (intelligently)—"He wore a brass band around his neck."

\* \* \*

Mr. Ebbels (in Public Speaking Class, while the thermometer plays with the zero mark—"We are going to read Ulysses and follow him in his wanderings through hell. Do you think that you will enjoy it?"

Kenneth Slater—"Yes, I guess we all will."

\* \* \*

The full moon flooded the porch with shafts of steel blue rays. It was late, but Clyde showed no signs of departing.

"It is said that the moon is dead," he said, dreamily.

"Is that any reason why we should sit up with the corpse?" asked Lorraine.

\* \* \*

Bombar—"How did you like the stage hangings in Hamlet?"

Shearer—"There weren't no hangings, you boob,—he killed 'em with a sword."

\* \* \*

Mr. Buttolph—"Is my son getting well grounded in the classics?"

Miss McCarroll—"I would put it stronger than that. I may say he is actually stranded on them."

\* \* \*

Mr. Travis (translating)—"He feeds his mind upon the empty picture."

\* \* \*

Ed. Rockwell—"The reason why some of us can't make fools of ourselves is because nature got ahead of us."

\* \* \*

Lillis—"Quit running into me. Do you think I look like Stearns?"

\* \* \*

Mrs. Christian (in Free Hand Drawing Class)—"Can you draw, Miss Scott?"

"Yes."

"Cartoons?"

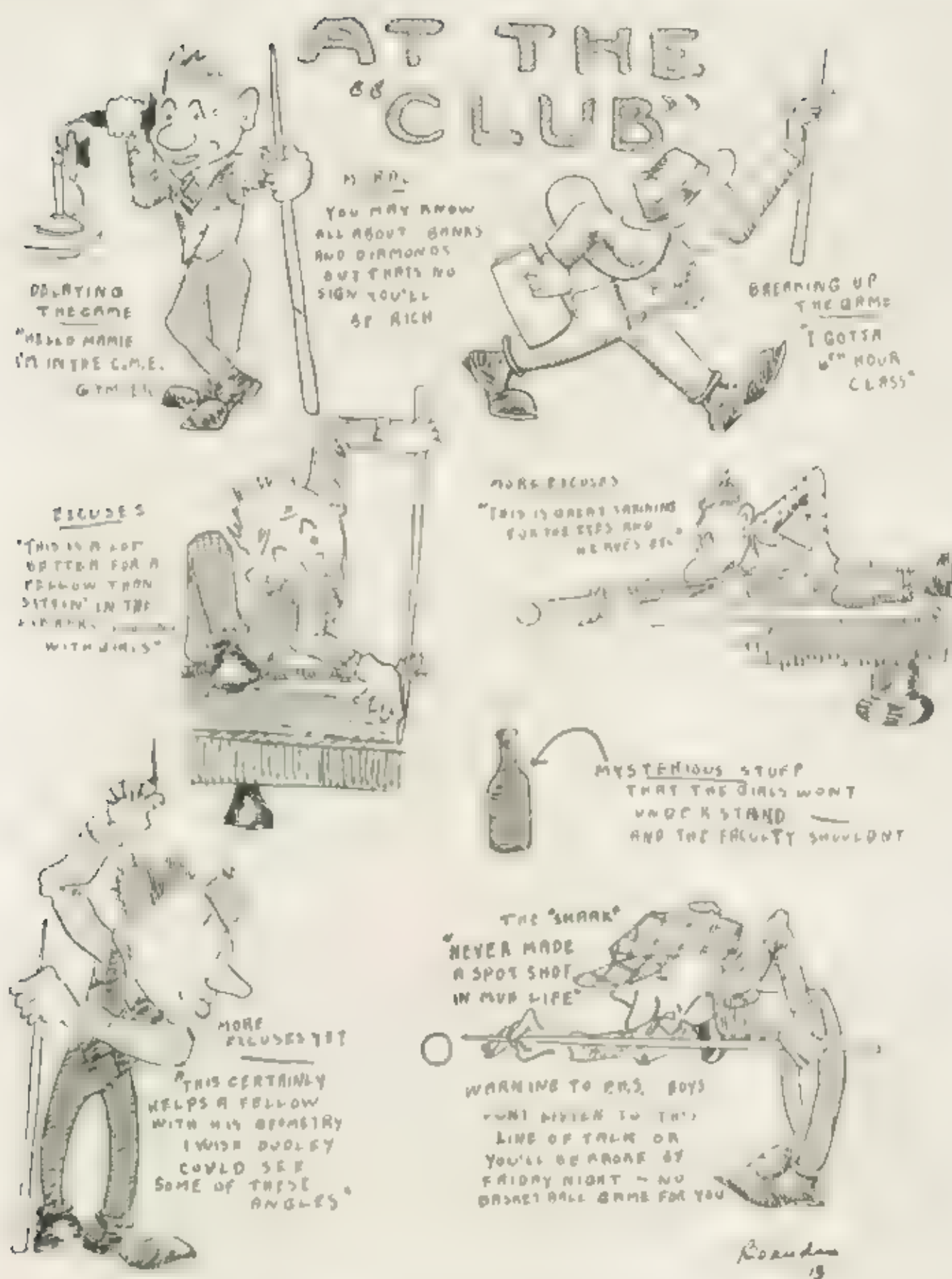
"No, but I can draw a breath."

\* \* \*

Claribel Ferguson (translating in French IV.)—"Tears and kissing began."

Miss McCarroll—"That's enough! We'll stop right there."

## "QUIVER"



Phil Sheridan—"Did you hear about the pool room here in the High School?"

Inquisitive Freshie—"No! Where is it?"

Phil—"Under the gym, they swim in it."

Miss McCarroll attempted to work out a new system by which her English Lit. class might remember the names of the various poets.

"Now, for example," she said, "suppose you wish to remember the name of the poet Bobby Burns. Fix in your minds a picture of an English policeman in flames. You know they call their policemen 'bobbies,' and there you have it. See? Bobby Burns."

"Yes," replied Anna Hallack, "but I never use slang or nicknames, so that, to me, would mean Robert Browning."



"QUIVER"



"QUIVER"



## "QUIVER"

Jim Guillot, to Donald Bailey—"How's everything?"

Bud—"Oh, I'm all right."

• • •

Margaret Poole (hurriedly)—"Conductor, from which end of this car do we get off?"

Conductor (amused)—"Either, they both stop."

• • •

Nellie Howard—"Come here a minute. I want to show you a painting I am just finishing."

Jessie Scott—"Good looking painting but I would take out a little of that dark coloring in this corner," and extended her hand carelessly toward the lower right corner.

Nellie—"Be careful! Don't you see the paint isn't dry yet?"

Jessie—"That makes no difference. I've got my gloves on."

• • •

Maiden, endowed with musical talent (after having her voice tried out)—"Do you think I can ever do anything with my voice?"

Mr. Quayle—"In case of a fire it might be convenient."

• • •

Barbara Fisher (regretfully)—"Everyone says that I look so much like Ernie."

Dorothy Houghton—"Never mind, Bab, as long as you're healthy."

• • •

E. Fisher (entering Grinnell's with H. Coleman)—"Why can't you get the 'Jelly Roll Blues?'"

Harriet—"I don't want that kind of stuff."

Ernie—"Why not? Did you think it was some kind of pastry?"

• • •

Seeley (endeavoring to finish his ice cream before the bell sounded its final tap)—"I'm going to put this down if I have to take it upstairs with me."

Auten—"Drop it."

• • •

Customer—"I want to get a shirt."

Clerk—"How long do you want it?"

Customer (indignantly)—"I don't want to rent it, I want to buy it."—Ex.

• • •

Stew Beach—"What makes the Tower of Pisa lean?"

Milton Orman—"Don't you suppose I'd try it if I knew?"

• • •

Porter—"Don't you know how to drive a nail yet without smashing your thumb?"

"No," snapped Pomfret, angrily, "and I don't think you do, either."

Porter—"Well, I guess I do. Take your hammer in both hands."

• • •

Miss McCarroll startled her French class and caused the entire session room to stare at her in open-mouthed amazement the other day when she uttered the vile oath, "By Gosh" (baggage).

## "QUIVER"

# THE GIRLS


ENCLOSING YOUR PICTURE WITH  
INQUIRIES TO MISS FAIRFAX WILL  
RESULT IN OBTAINING PROMPT  
SATISFACTORY REPLIES

*Dear Miss Fairfax*  
Hurry up & get your picture  
into the remaining boys' hands  
before it's too late. I have not  
yet had date.  
Pushover  
AN WIN. I KNOW YOU  
SHOULD HAVE YOUR SELF  
MORE ATTRACTIVE AND  
DRESS CONSPICUOUSLY

---

*Dear Miss Fairfax*  
I do not like to  
attract more and  
attention from the  
other girls because I  
am a real and true  
person and not a  
fake. I promise.  
P. L. L.

ANSWER= HAVE  
YOU TRIED FOR?




*Dear Miss Fairfax*  
I am very much of society  
and out of doors sports but do not  
seem to attract no boys.  
As I lack confidence  
I shall be  
YOUR IMAGINATION  
THE OTHER GIRLS ARE  
PROBABLY JEALOUS OF YOU.


---

*Dear Miss Fairfax*  
I am a real and true  
person and not a  
fake. I promise.  
P. L. L.

ANSWER= DON'T GIVE UP HOPE  
EVERY MAN IS EXPECTED  
TO DO HIS BIT. IN THESE TIMES

*Dear Miss Fairfax*  
I am 13 years old but old  
for my age and am deeply  
in love with a man of 40  
He would not do. What  
shall I do?  
Keep sweet  
P. L. L.





"Anyhow, there's one advantage in having a wooden leg?" said the veteran.

"What's that?" asked a friend.

"You can hold your socks up with thumb tacks."

Bill had a bill board. He also had a board bill, and the board bill bored Bill. So Bill sold his bill board to pay his board bill. After Bill sold his bill board, he paid his board bill. Then the board bill no longer bored Bill.

"Father, what kind of beasts were the rams they used in the Civil War?"

"They were probably the ancestors of the U-boats or today, son."



"QUIVER"



## "QUIVER"

Miss Walker—"Where is the Red Sea?"

Freshman—"I don't know. I thought they were all blue."

\* \* \*

The sailor had been showing the lady visitor over the ship. In thanking him she said: "I see by the rules of your ship tips are forbidden."

"Lor' bless yer 'eart, ma'am," replied Jack, "so were the apples in the Garden of Eden."—Ex.

\* \* \*

Madeleine (hurriedly)—"I heard the best joke yesterday, but for the life of me I can't remember it."

Joke Editor—"Can't you keep anything in your head overnight?"

\* \* \*

One of the Members of the Faculty—"Young man, what profession are you expecting to follow when you become a man?"

'18—"I'm going to be a dentist," (taking out a notebook and pencil). "May I solicit your false teeth?"

\* \* \*

Father—"I noticed you had company last night. Who was here?"

Daughter (Class of '18)—"Only Jennie, father."

Father—"Well, tell Jennie she left her pipe on the sofa."

\* \* \*

Betty (translating in Latin VII.)—"On all sides the seven youths rushed into view...."

Mr. Travis—"View the remains?"

\* \* \*

Mr. Phelps (explaining the forces of holding a kite in the air)—"Now, where will the string go?"

Kenneth Slater—"I should think it would go down the wind pipe."

\* \* \*

Little Willie was allowed to sit up to the table with his fond mother on the occasion of a little luncheon.

"Willie, you ought to use your fork."

"I know it, mother," said Willie, plaintively, "but this one leaks like the deuce."

\* \* \*

Ivan French—"You are the sole aim of my life."

Marjorie—"Well you won't make a hit unless you get closer to the target."

\* \* \*

Senior (studying Physics)—"What kind of a motion does a couple produce?"

Fellow Student (absently)—"Couple? Married or single?"

\* \* \*

Harriet Coleman—"What are you doing, Mamie? Making deviled eggs?"

Marion Willits—"Something devilish."

\* \* \*

McGowan—"Why so sad?"

Preston—"Oh! I'm drowning in debt."

Don—"Well, I can't swim, so we'll probably go down together."

## "QUIVER"

Centralite—"Are there enough seats for all the crowd?"

Stew—"I should say not."

Centralite—"Any more standing room?"

Stew—"No."

Centralite—"Well! Don't you make any provisions for a big crowd like this?"

Stew—"Why, the band can play 'Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here,' without the music."

• • •

First Tourist—"What's the name of that cable car in Los Angeles? 'The Devil's Stairway?'"

Second Tourist—"No! 'Angels' Flight.'"

• • •

Miss Barnett—"Mr. Rockwell, you seem to be wandering in your mind."

Voice from the Back Row—"Well, he can't stumble on his brains."

• • •

"The doctor says I must quit smoking. One lung is nearly gone."

"Oh, John, can't you hold out until we get enough coupons for the dining room rug?"—Ex.

• • •

Porter—"You ought to see Shearer's lip. He had a scrap with their cat and the poor puss fixed his lip up fine."

Kinney—"Cat scratch, nothing! You saw the forthcomings of his young mustache."

• • •

Seeley—"Why does a blush creep into a girl's cheek?"

Tubbs—"If it ran it would kick up too much dust."

• • •

Miss Christian suspected that some cheating was going on in the Spanish class, so she arranged the class in the first two rows. Mr. Lynch finding herself upon the first row, rather demurred, but said, "Oh, well! I've just had an hour and a half session with Dudley, so I'm ready for anything now."

• • •

Miss Harris—"Give a word illustrating common gender, Mr. Harris."

Thone—"Dear."

• • •

Bud Bailey (Eng. VI.)—"We cannot dedicate, we cannot concentrate, we cannot hallow this ground."

• • •

Miss Fisher (in Botany Class)—"Mr. Buckley, is there any connecting link between the animal and the vegetable kingdom?"

Ed.—"Yes, hash."

• • •

"I do not like your heart action, young man," said the doctor. "You've had trouble with your Angina Pectoris."

"You're partly right, only that ain't her name, Doc," he replied sheepishly.

• • •

"Fat" Vreeland stood gazing longingly at the latest things in a clothing store window. A friend stopped to ask him if he was thinking of buying shirts or pajamas.

"Gosh, no," replied Fat. "The only thing that fits me ready-made is a handkerchief."



OLD PONTIAC HIGH SCHOOL









## "QUIVER"

### THE ADVANCE OF CIVILIZATION.

"My son, come here and tell to me,  
About the things that you did see,  
When as a Freshman tall and thin,  
You did your High School days begin.

"And has it changed much since the time  
Your daddy up those stairs did climb?  
Is Mr. Dudley at his place,  
And has he still a smiling face?"

"Oh! papa, 'tis a wondrous school,  
And every room is nice and cool,  
Electric fans placed 'round the wall  
Waft cooling breezes to us all.

"And when we're on the second floor,  
And wish to go up one flight more,  
We do not labor up a stair,—  
An elevator takes us there.

"Now Mr. Dudley's desk and chair  
Are battered up by constant wear,  
And in the room which all did dread  
Is placed a candy-stand instead.

"And in the lab where students toiled,  
With H-2-O and acids boiled,  
No desks or bottles now are found,  
But billiard tables there abound.

"Between our classes, if we like,  
To this dear spot we take a hike,  
And buy delicious chocolate creams,  
Of which the King thought in his dreams.

"Then when we all our lessons know,  
Up to the billiard room we go,  
And play a game with some fair lass,  
To clear our brain for next hour class.

"The teachers say it's surely fine  
To forget our lessons for a time;  
It makes us all quite fresh and new,  
And better work we're sure to do.

"No permits do they make us show,  
But on our honor let us go.  
Yet seldom does a student skip,  
Or go down town just for the trip."

"In '18 schools were not so good,  
Howe'er, I did the best I could.  
My son, I hope you'll grasp the chance  
A modern school gives to advance."

—FLOYD L. McDOUGALL, '18



## **"QUIVER"**

### **THEY DO SAY:**

Miss Barnett—"Egg-sactly."

Mr. Dudley—"Now, students—" etc. etc.

Mr. Phelps—"I'm afraid you haven't quite got the idear."

Mr. Allen—"Tubbs, you may be excused."

Miss Carpenter—"Is it not?"

"Bud" Bailey—"I used to know a fellow in Culver—" etc.

"Chick" Baxter—"That Buttolph has more luck."—(Sobs).

Clare Burke—"Well, fellows, I'm going to turn over a new leaf and study."

• • •

Mr. Phelps (in Chemistry)—"Calcite has the same properties as whiskey. Makes you see double."

• • •

Miss Barnett (U. S. History)—"Who counts the local option ballots?"

French—"Bartenders and preachers."

• • •

Bailey (U. S. History)—"The vice-president died, which never happened before."

• • •

"Chick" worries a bit in Chemistry—"I'm afraid this curve isn't very straight."

• • •

Marentay—"What's the difference between a golpher and a gopher?"

Tubbs—"An L of a difference, old man."

• • •

"Bud" while reciting in English VI. gets thirsty and a bit mixed up on the words when he urges the class "to take hope from Bordeaux wines."

• • •

Mr. Phelps names the three kinds of waters,—"Hard, soft, and fire."

• • •

Miss Barnett—"Did you look up Alaska?"

French—"Yes, but I went too high and overlooked it."

• • •

### **BOOKS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WRITTEN.**

"Dri-Foot—Its Uses and Abuses"—Donald McGaffey.

"Handwriting, and How It May Be Deciphered"—S. M. Dudley.

"From Office Boy to President—An Autobiography"—Clyde Townsend.

"Pugilism,—Its Application to Daily Life"—Goodloe Rogers.

"Personality,—Its Effect on Your Audience"—A Debater's Handbook.—Steve Jenks.

"The Art of Perpetual Sleep."—Navarre Marentay.

"Female Impersonation in Three Lessons"—Thone Harris.

"Business as Usual"—D. C. Allen.

"How to Get By"—A Bluffer's Manual—William Buttolph.

• • •

Mr. Phelps (Chemistry II.)—"What is hard water?"

"Chick"—"Ice."

• • •

Conductor—"Did I get your fare?"

Guillot—"You must have. I didn't see you ring it up for the company."

## "QUIVER"

Mr. Phelps (Physics II.)—"I should like to have some one report on aeroplanes. As for myself, I have never followed them up."

• • •

Guillot reaches across the table in the lunch room and helps himself to the sugar.

Mr. Allen—"What's the matter, Guillot, haven't you a tongue?"

Guillot—"Sure, but it isn't as long as my arm."

• • •

Chick Baxter has a grudge against the railroad. He told us confidentially the other day that he was going to fool them, though. Sh-h—Don't tell anyone. He's going to buy a round trip ticket to Chicago and he isn't coming back.

• • •

Kinney—"How near were you to the right answer to the fifth question?"

French—"Two seats away."

• • •

Riker—"Say, Mac, what'll you take to lend me a jitney?"

Whitfield—"A nickel."

• • •

Little words of Latin,  
Little lines to scan,  
Make a mighty language,  
And a crazy man.

• • •

"There's always more than one way of looking at a thing," remarked the small boy as he climbed the fence of the ball park.

• • •

A net, a maid,  
The sun above,  
Two sets we played—  
Result: Two love.

• • •

"Chick"—"Gee, but I had a funny dream last night!"

Beach—"I know; I saw you with her."

• • •

Englishman (in British Museum)—"We have a book here, sir, that Cicero wrote."

American—"Pshaw, that's nothing! We have a pencil in one of our museums in America which Noah used to check off the animals."

• • •

Jacobs—"What's the most nervous thing in the world next to a girl?"

Burke—"Me—next to a girl."

• • •

Bill—"What makes you think Preston would be a good soldier?"

John—"You can treat him but he never retreats."

• • •

Mr. Phelps (in Physics Lab.)—"Now, class, go back to the tables and spread out."

• • •

Miss Derragon explains a difficult scene from "Macbeth." "Now, class, if you have that in your head, you will have it all in a nut-shell."

## "QUIVER"

E. Millis (Latin VI.)—"Do you take Greek and Latin before you study medicine?"

Mr. Travis—"No, not necessarily. I took medicine long before I took Latin."

• • •

Heard in sewing class:

"Ripped your neck off yet?"

"No, I haven't got around to it."

• • •

Allen—"Who was that who laughed aloud?"

Riker—"I did, but I didn't mean to."

Allen—"You didn't mean to?"

Riker—"No, sir; I laughed in my sleeve and didn't know there was a hole in my elbow."

• • •

Travis (translating Latin)—"Where is your horse?"

Brace (a bit excited)—"Here under my book, but I wasn't using it."

• • •

Bill—"May I confide a secret in you?"

Marian—"I'll be silent as the grave."

Bill—"I need fifty cents pretty badly."

Marian—"Don't worry, it is as though I heard nothing."

• • •

Marentay—"So you want to take a pharmacy course in college?"

Rockwell—"Naw, I'm not going to be a farmer. I want to work in a drug store."

• • •

Bailey (U. S. History)—"Abraham Lincoln was born February 12, 1809, in a log cabin he built himself."

• • •

Seeley—"My barber told me a clever story this morning."

Guillot—"Illustrated with cuts, I suppose."

• • •

"Failed in French and flunked in Trig."

I heard the Sophomore hiss,

"I'd like to find the guy who said

That ignorance is bliss."

• • •

Her Father—"Young man, we are accustomed to put the lights out in this house at ten o'clock."

M. Bombar—"Suits me all right. Don't stop on my account."

• • •

Teacher—"I'm not so old as I look."

Pupil—"You couldn't be and live."—Ex.

• • •

Pa—"What's that old hen eating them tacks for?"

Son—"Perhaps she's going to lay a carpet."

• • •

"Pray let me kiss your hand," said he,

With look of burning love.

"I can remove my veil," said she,

"Much easier than my glove."

• • •

"QUIVER"







## OUR ADVERTISERS

Their support makes The "Quiver" possible. Your support of them is their only means of knowing that we appreciate what they have done.

If you buy it of a "Quiver" advertiser it is bound to be right.

# FORD JEWELER



SUGGESTIONS TO GIVE  
JUNE GRADUATES

DIAMONDS  
WATCHES  
WRIST WATCHES  
PEARLS  
and  
RINGS

or

Expert Repairing

"QUIVERS" for sale at FORD'S.....\$0.75

53 NORTH SAGINAW ST.

## Keep Physically Fit

It is just as important for you who stay at home to keep physically fit as it is for the soldiers in the trenches.

TENNIS WILL DO THIS FOR YOU.

Come in and see our

## TENNIS GOODS

You will find them thoroly dependable.

Yes, we re-string Tennis Rackets.

ROSS V. WELLS.

53 NORTH SAGINAW ST.

FOR . . .

## **PORTAGE TIRES**

AND OTHER "QUALITY GOODS"

**Northern Auto Supply Co.**

93 NORTH SAGINAW ST.

PHONE 628

## **New Howland Theatre**

A. J. KLEIST, Sole Owner and Manager

—O—

**Family Vaudeville and Pictures**

For the Classes and the Masses.  
GOOD MUSIC.

## **New Eagle Theatre**

A. J. KLEIST, Lessee and Manager

Pontiac's Leading Feature Photoplay House



## E. L. TIBBALS & SON

Electrical Contractors

Home Wiring and Motor Installing. Agents for Westinghouse products and Franklin Lamps.

Estimates cheerfully given.

Howland Theatre Building.

PHONES 612-W and 1070-J

## Fleur-De-Lis Chocolate Shop

Home of

FLEUR-DE-LIS

GILBERT'S

and

LLOWNEY'S  
Famous Chocolates

Ice Cream and Fancy Ices

HAMMELEF & BOYE

## BOSTON STORE

"Sells It for Less"



RALSTON is Making 'Em for the Boys "Over There."



"Over the Top" Fellows

Also "Klever Kicks" for the fellows at home.

—o—

Pardon, Miss! Just a moment.  
Your "Red Cross" Pumps  
are here.

—o—

A Beautiful Showing of  
BOOTS, PUMPS and OXFORDS



Be the envied girl instead of the envying  
and wear a dashing or demure style in a hand-  
tailored or dressy hat from

## The Vogue Hat Shop

23 North Saginaw St.

## PONTIAC GIFT SHOP

23 North Saginaw St.

Gifts for graduates, carefully chosen, beautiful.

**NARBORO LINGERIE**

A departure for the summer months.

## *Up-To-The-Moment-Styles In Ready to Wear For*

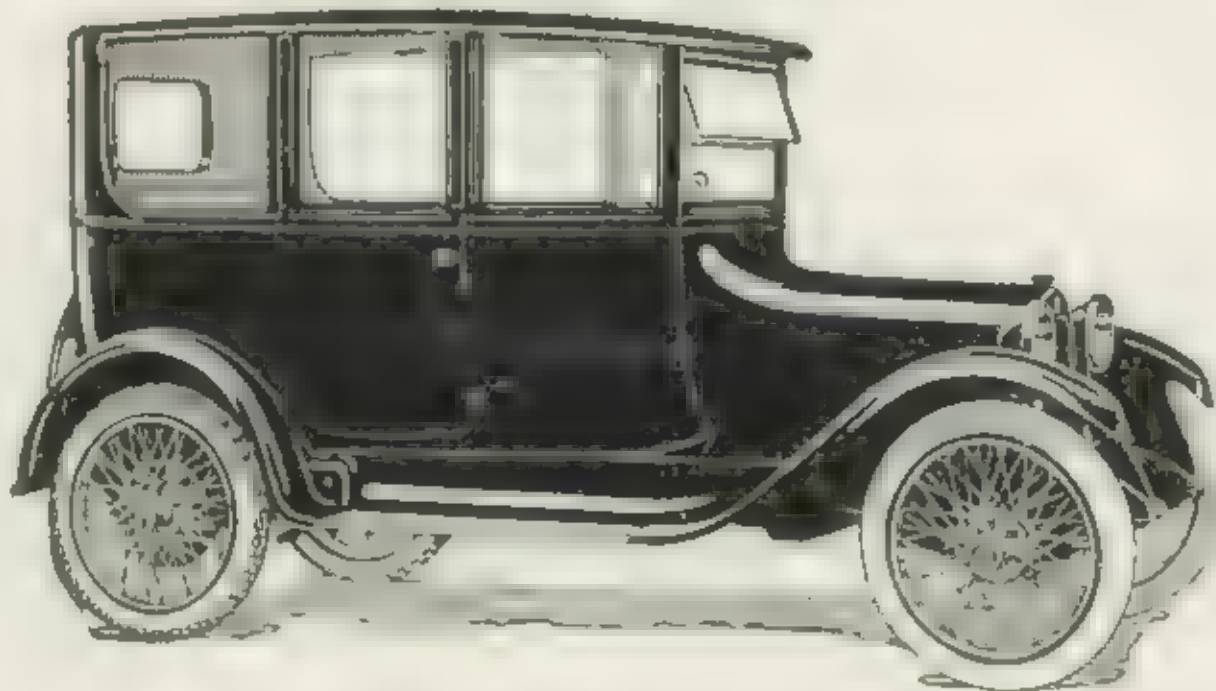
*Women ————— Misses ————— Girls*

The latest styles in Suits, Dresses, Coats, Skirts, Blouses, etc., in our present displays are the most favored for the Spring and Summer season. A constant effort is in progress at this store to show the new fashions as quickly as they are produced and this showing proves the effort of our endeavors.

*Waites*

# DODGE BROTHERS

## CLOSED CAR



RICHARDSON & VAN DYKE,

19 Orchard Lake Ave.

Phone 4

# CADILLAC PHAETON

Seating four people.—The type for the man with a small family to own. There is speed and class in every line.



Price, including war tax.....\$2875

CADILLAC GARAGE,

Phone 4

Joseph A. Picard, Prop.

19 Orchard Lake Ave.

# **F. J. Seeley & Co.**

## **Real Estate and Insurance**

LIST YOUR PROPERTY WITH US FOR  
QUICK SALES.

Phone 1305-W

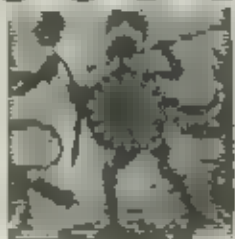
53 North Saginaw St.

# **Pontiac Shoe Repair**

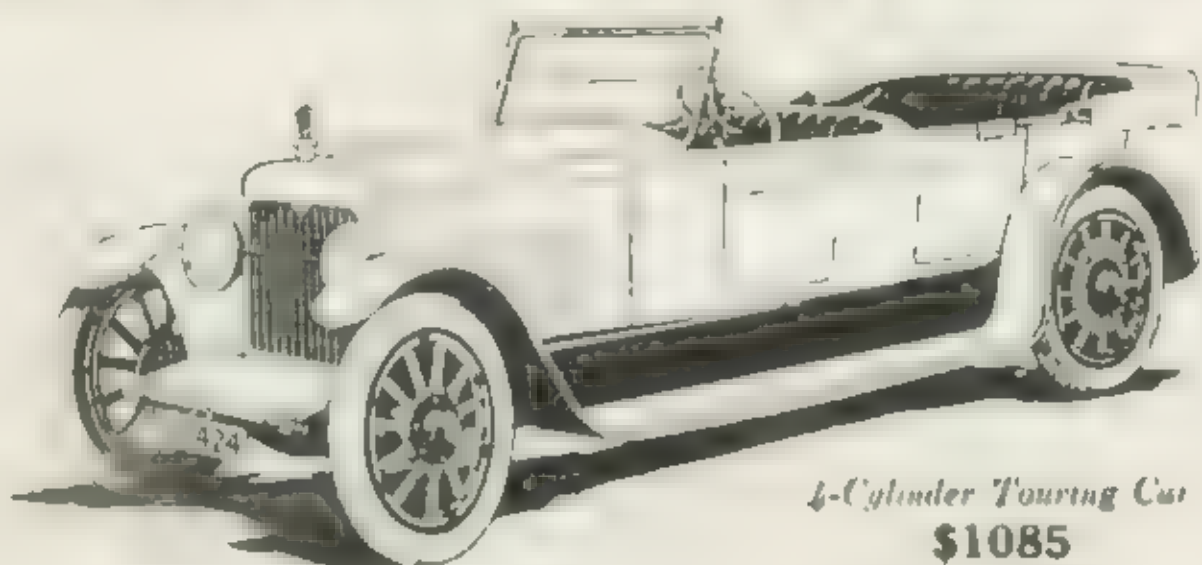
Bring your Shoes to 110 N. Saginaw Street  
if you want high-grade repairing at an economical price.

**E. STOLTENBERG.**





*The* *New*  
**OLYMPIAN**



*4-Cylinder Touring Car*

**\$1085**

*f. o. b. Pontiac*

This new Olympian with an improved valve-in-head motor, develops full 40 horsepower and actually gives 26 miles per gallon of gasoline.

Think what that means in these days when economy is so important.

The motor was designed by W. A. and A. P. Brush, the keenest minds in the automobile industry. It has Lynite pistons and hollow, counterweighted crankshaft. Rocker arms and other moving parts are encased in aluminum. Throttles down to two miles an hour on high.

In lines, finish and mechanical construction the entire car is a marked advance.

Frame (6 inch narrow gauge steel, with running board riveted solidly to it), spring suspension, torque arm construction, oiling system, emergency brake.

ALL PRONOUNCED ADVANCES. Look into them. They will interest you.

Borg & Beck clutch, Remy ignition, Wagner starter, Stromberg carburetor, Grant-Lees transmission, Stewart vacuum system, motometer, unusually complete equipment and wide option of colors.

**Opera House Motors Sales & Garage Co.**  
**OLYMPIAN MOTORS CO.**

**C. E. MOORE, Manager.**

**23 S. Saginaw St., Pontiac.**

## R. H. Barker & Co

HARDWARE

Factory and Mill Supplies.  
Spaulding Athletic Goods.  
Mazda Lamps.

69 S. Saginaw St.

You Will  
Do Better  
In Furniture  
at the  
BIG STORE



Three mammoth display floors de-  
voted to showing all that is new, novel  
and distinctive in home furnishings.

Exclusive Pontiac Agents for  
COLUMBIA Phonographs  
and Records

STEWART-GLENN CO.  
88-90-92 S. Saginaw St.

## Pontiac Varnish Company

Manufacturers of

High Grade Varnishes  
Paints and Shellac

When You Desire a  
HIGH CLASS FINISH

—USE—

PONTIAC VARNISH

Every Boy and Girl Should Own  
a Good

FOUNTAIN PEN

CONKLIN AND WATERMAN  
Fountain Pens, Always the Best

AT

Backenstoses

## WIGGS FAIR

—O—

SOUVENIR  
CHINA,  
CROCKERY

—O—

HOUSE FURNISHINGS

# THE AMERICAN SAVINGS BANK

**"The Bank on the Corner"**

**IS THE RICHEST BANK IN THE CITY, WITH \$1.17  
IN ASSETS FOR EVERY \$1.00 IT OWES.**

**CLASS OF 1918**

**DEPOSIT YOUR MONEY WHERE STRENGTH—NOT  
SIZE—IS THE GREATEST ASSET.**

0

**A. F. NEWBERRY, Cashier**

**SHOES**  
OF  
**MERIT**  
WITH  
**TOMPKINS**  
SERVICE

You Can Get Both

The Home of Good Shoes  
17 N. SAGINAW ST.

**We Put the**  
**Professional Touch**  
To Our  
**AMATEUR FINISHING**

Let us do your Kodak Work.  
Our prices are the lowest  
possible consistent with highest  
quality.

**Smith & Bowles**

The Big REXALL Drug Store  
14 N. Saginaw St. Phone 12

**Duker-McFetridge**  
**Company**

DRY GOODS  
READY-TO-WEAR  
MILLINERY

A visit to our store will con-  
vince you that we save  
you money.

**Plantier Floral**  
**Company**



*Choice Cut*  
*Flowers*



## **ROAT & FALK**

**Mens Furnishings  
and  
Suits to Measure**

**71 SOUTH SAGINAW STREET**

**PONTIAC, MICH.**

### **Cadillac Meat Market**

—O—

**THIS IS THE PLACE  
THAT SETS THE PACE  
FOR LOW PRICES.**

O

**42 and 413 S. Saginaw St.**

## **Investigate**

**And you'll be convinced  
that the best  
TEAS AND COFFEES  
Are  
CHASE & SANBORN'S**

—O—

### **R. J. BROMLEY**

**Sole Agent  
76 North Saginaw St.**

**PHONES 1127-1128**

## **Butter Krust Bread**

**IS THE BREAD OF  
QUALITY**

**MADE  
IN  
PONTIAC**

### **Millen Baking Co.**

# First Commercial Bank

Pontiac, Michigan

THE OLD RELIABLE

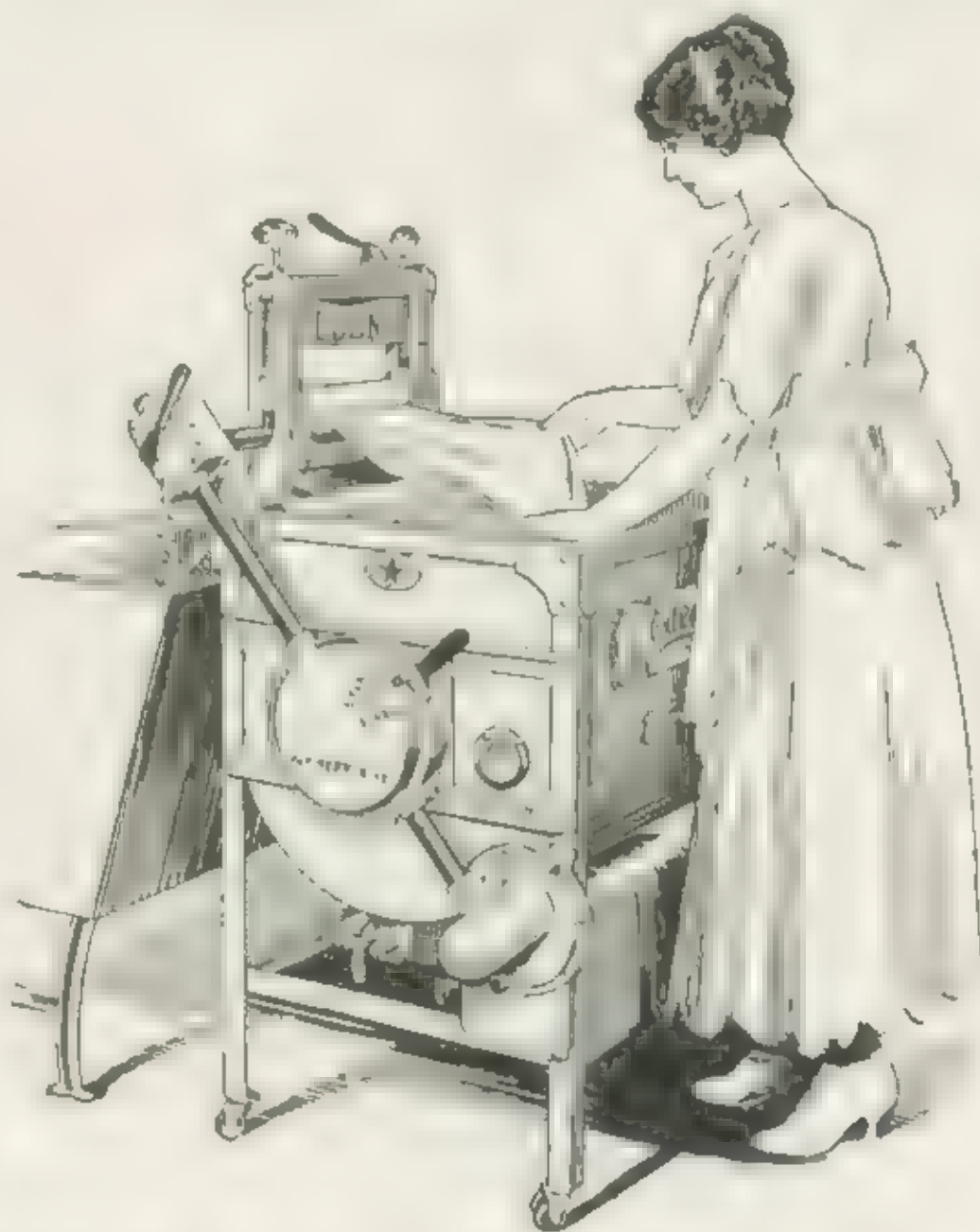
Capital,	-	-	\$100,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits			\$100,000.00
Resources over	-		\$3,500,000.00

Frank H. Carroll, Pres.      C. E. Waldo, Cashier

Burt J. Greer, Asst. Cashier

# FREE TRIAL IN YOUR HOME

FREE DEMONSTRATION ON YOUR OWN WASHING



**E  
D  
E  
N**

An Expert Demonstrator will Call and Show You How to use it

We want you to see how simple the EDEN is to operate—how it washes laces, blankets, jumpers, inside edges of cuffs, neckbands, etc., quickly, carefully and thoroughly—how much longer the EDEN-washed clothes last, and how little it costs to do a family washing on the EDEN.

Acceptance of this offer obligates you in no way. Should you decide to purchase after trying an EDEN, you can do so for small monthly payments.

**CONSUMERS POWER CO.**

Pontiac, Michigan

28 W. LAWRENCE ST.

PHONE 915

## GIGLIO BROS.

108 N. Saginaw St.

77 N. Saginaw St.

—O—

FINE FRUITS

CANDIES

and

TOBACCOS

—O—

Ice Cream Sodas



FOR PLEASING FURNITURE

And a Square Deal

—Go To—

## Minard's Furniture Store

71 North Saginaw St.

Honest Goods at Honest Prices

## C. O. HUBBELL & CO.

Drugs, Stationery, Imported  
and Domestic Perfumes and  
Toilet Articles.

—O—

PRESCRIPTION WORK

A SPECIALTY

—O—

156 Oakland Ave., cor. Clark St.  
PHONE 296

GOOD JEWELRY

Lasts a lifetime and more.

It is never wasted.

—O—

BRACELET WATCHES

That will not let Time fool you  
RINGS

For every finger and every fancy.

MENDING

Worn Jewelry repaired  
Loose Stones re-set  
Watches and Clocks put in order

We solicit your patronage on the  
merits of our goods and the fairness  
of our price.

—O—

HARRY H. HILTZ, Jeweler.

104 N. SAGINAW ST.

The Little Store with the Big Value.



# Professional Cards

—O—

**EDGAR J. EBREUS**  
Voice Culture and Public Speaking  
Limited Number of Private Pupils  
1601 Schofield Ave. Detroit, Mich.  
Walnut 3600-J

**L. M. KENNEDY**  
LUNCH ROOM  
W. Huron St.

**CLEARY & BURLINGHAM**  
EXCLUSIVE MILLINERY  
20 East Huron St.

**PERRY ART NEEDLE-  
WORK SHOP**  
28 W. Huron St. Pontiac, Mich.

**WILLIAM MINGST**  
GROCER  
Phone 930 18 E. Huron St.

**DR. F. B. GERLS**  
Phone 58-W K. P. Building

**DR. H. A. SIBLEY**  
Phone 695-W K. P. Building

**CHAS. G. EDDINGTON**  
Optometrist and Optician  
Quick Repairs, Grinding Plant  
on Premises

**R. Y. FERGUSON, M. D.**  
Phone 39-W Marsh Block

**REMOVAL NOTICE**  
Have moved my office to Burlingham  
Bldg., W. Lawrence St. Phone 340-J  
DR. SPRING, Dentist

Frank L. Doty George A. Cram  
**DOTY & CRAM**  
Attorneys and Counselors-at-Law  
Pontiac, Michigan

**DR. MOSS**  
Phone 571-W Lawson Bldg.

**DR. H. PHILLIPS**  
Phone 976-W Room 2, Bauer Bldg.

**HILBERG & DOERR**  
RACKET STORE  
Phone 92-W 46-48-50 S. Saginaw St.

**DR. LUMBY**  
Phone 299-W McVean Bldg.

**FRED FREEGARD**  
LEATHER GOODS STORE  
24 W. Huron St.

**DEWITT C. DAVIS**  
FUNERAL DIRECTOR  
Phone 475 41 W. Huron St.

**W. G. TODD**  
OPTOMETRIST  
Office Over Wigg's Fair

**DR. CHAS. E. HUBBARD**  
DENTIST  
Phone 803 Room 18, Marsh Bldg.

For  
AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE  
See  
**F. J. SEELEY & CO.**  
Phone 1305-W 53 N. Saginaw St.

# C. S. Johnson Studio

Successor to

## H. George Studio

*Just a Round of Pleasure*

— — — — —

The Farmer Boy wants to be a School Teacher.  
The School Teacher hopes to be an Editor.  
The Editor would like to be a Banker.  
The Banker a Trust Magnate.  
The Trust Magnate an Earthly King.  
They all have their photos taken de luxe.  
The Photographer hopes to be the Farmer Boy.

— — — — —

A FULL LINE OF THE LATEST ARTIST'S PROOF  
MOUNTS WHOSE RICHNESS OF COLOR AND DE-  
SIGN SPEAK PERFECTION IN THEIR CLASS. . .

— — — — —

AT YOUR SERVICE

Wm. Calver

Geo. Ensworth

# Pontiac Garage

36-38-40 West Pike St.

—O—

Repairing and Accessories Switchhart and Fisk Tires  
Luxe Battery Service Station

—O—

## Buick Service

PHONE 303

## JOHN T. EDDINGTON

Pontiac's Progressive Jeweler

OFFERS A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF QUALITY  
GIFTS FOR THAT COMMENCEMENT TOKEN

—O—

Corner Saginaw and Lawrence Streets

## AULD CLASS PINS and RINGS

Designed Exclusively for Discriminating Classes Who  
Put Quality Ahead of Price.

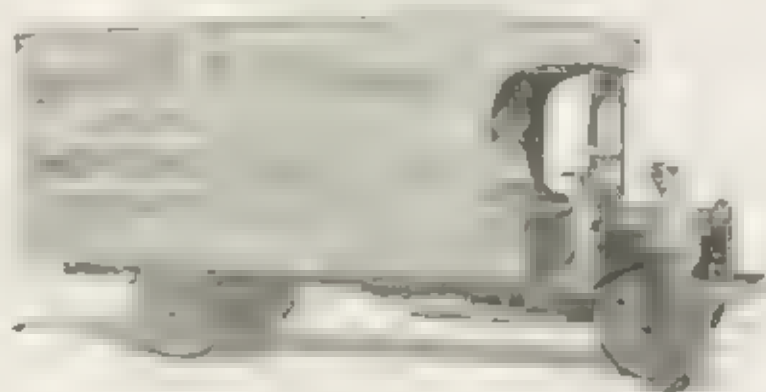
—O—

**THE D. L. AULD COMPANY**

Manufacturing Jewelers  
Columbus, Ohio

—O—

Jewelers to the Classes of the Pontiac High School



"Home Product"

### **COLUMBIA 2-TON TRUCK**

MOTOR—Continental, 4 $\frac{1}{8}$ " bore, 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ " stroke.

DRIVE—Columbia-Russell internal gear.

WHEELS—36" front and rear, Artillery type spokes.

FRAME—Open hearth channel steel, 6" deep.

SPRINGS—Front, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ " wide, 40" long.

Rear, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ " wide, 52" long.

FOR SALE BY

**MOTOR SALES COMPANY**

WALES & HAMLIN

No. 37 West Pike Street

Phone 218

## **ROBERTSON'S**

READY-TO-WEAR SHOP

**WOMEN'S AND MISSES'  
OUTFITTERS**

43 North Saginaw Street

## **The Thomas Furniture Co.**

Gives You

**SERVICE  
STYLE  
QUALITY**

—O—

Always a good variety to  
choose from.

**THE STORE OF LIFETIME  
FURNITURE**

15-17-19 E. Pike St. Pontiac, Mich.



## For Thorough Efficient Training

In Business, Shorthand, Touch Typewriting, Burroughs  
Calculator, and similar practical subjects, attend

*The Business Institute*

15-17-19 West Lawrence St., Pontiac

Fine new quarters, splendid equipment, teachers  
who take a personal interest in every student. Free  
employment. Electric fans.

Both day and evening sessions continue through-  
out the year. Visitors welcome at any time.

## The Institute Conservatory

OFFERS INSTRUCTION IN PIANO, VIOLIN,  
AND VOICE.

### Leslie H. Redmond

o

DIAMONDS,

WATCHES and

RICH JEWELRY

o

FINE WATCH REPAIRING

o

51 N. Saginaw St.

### Mattison & Moule

"The Shoemen"

WHERE YOUR

**D**OLLARS  
O  
DOUBLE  
DUTY

Florshein Shoes Stetson Shoes

OUTING SHOES

74 N. Saginaw St.

Pontiac

Kodaks and  
Supplies

Pure Chemicals  
and Drugs

# Cloonan's Drug Store

—O—  
Where Quality Counts

72 N. Saginaw St.

Fine Perfumes  
and Candles

Parker Pens and  
Stationery

## C. M. CROSS

MOVING  
TRUCKING  
STORAGE

—O—

PHONE — Office 1051-R  
Residence, 1051-W

—O—

95 N. Saginaw St.

## F. W. Parmeter

Hardware Shop

—O—

Hardware Specialties, Sporting  
Goods and House Fur-  
nishings.

—O—

JOHNSON'S DYES AND STAINS

—O—

Phone 7

28 East Huron St.

Headquarters for

SPORTING GOODS

OF ALL KINDS

W. H. LESSITER CO.

48 N. Saginaw St.

Pontiac

GEORGE A. SUTTON

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Suite 10-11 Pythian Bldg.

PHONE 457-W

**SAVE FOOD**

**AND HELP**

**WIN THE WAR**

**BUY ICE NOW**

**E. Stewart & Sons**

PHONES 1111-1112

No. 12 ORCHARD LAKE AVE.

# W. H. Isgrigg & Sons

General Contractors

and

High Class Building Constructing

Erected

HIGH SCHOOL

All Kinds of Building Constructing  
Solicited

Phone 1665



# Oakland County Savings Bank

Pontiac, Michigan

Capital and Surplus - \$100,000.00

4% Interest Paid on Deposits

J. A. GRALEY,  
President

F. L. PERRY,  
Cashier

SEE

# LEEDS

For Your Graduation Suit  
and Every Suit After That

SUITS AND OVERCOATS MADE-TO-YOUR MEASURE

\$20, \$25 and \$30

Fit, Style and Workmanship Guaranteed.



18 North Saginaw Street.

"Gifts  
that  
last a  
life  
Simple."



*Chamberlin*  
JEWELRY

Established  
1889



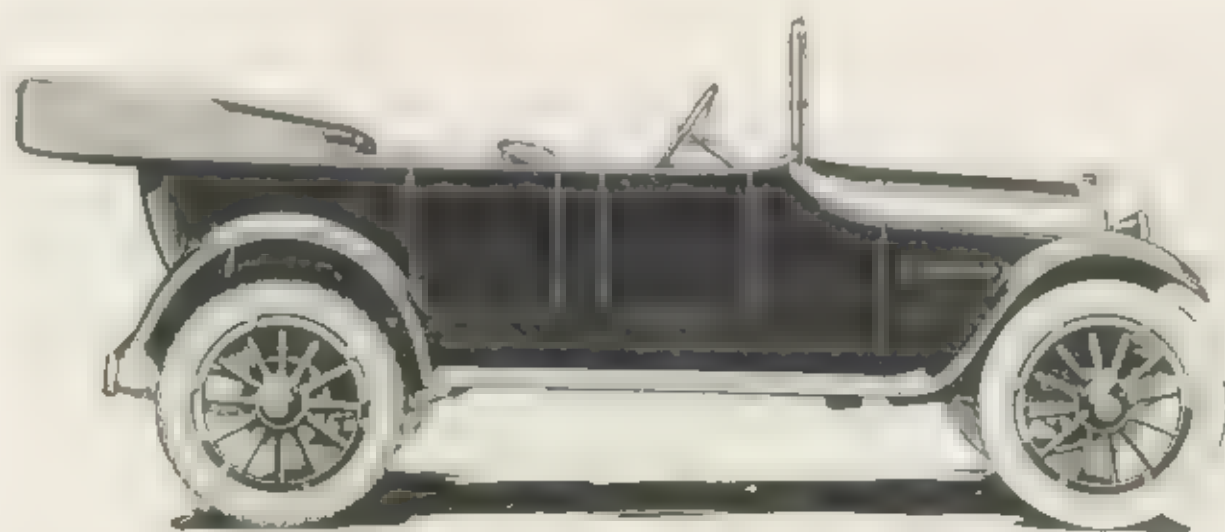
Assets Over  
\$1,600,000.00

**BE PREPARED**  
**5%** INTEREST ON SAVINGS,  
(Compounded Semi-Annually)  
START TODAY.

**Detroit & Northern Michigan  
Building & Loan Association**

30 SOUTH SAGINAW ST.

A. R. PRIMEAU, Mgr.



**Pontiac Oakland Co.**

21 EAST PIKE STREET,

PONTIAC, MICH.

PHONE 324



# STEWART'S SWEET SHOP

—O—

HOME-MADE CANDIES AND  
ICE CREAMS

—O—

Next to D. U. R. Waiting Room



**Starr**  
PHONOGRAPHS

*The*  
**Starr**

The Starr is the lineal descendant of a world-famed musical instrument family. Over 150,000 sweet-toned instruments preceded the first Starr Phonograph. It was thus born of nearly a half-century's experience in the reproduction of music. Each of the beautiful 8 models gives evidence in tone, refined design and exquisite finish, of this splendid ancestry. We invite you to see and hear our offerings in these wonderfully musical phonographs.

**ALLEN BOOK STORE**

103 NORTH SAGINAW STREET

PHONE 113

## OFFICERS

S. E. BEACH

President

CRAMER SMITH

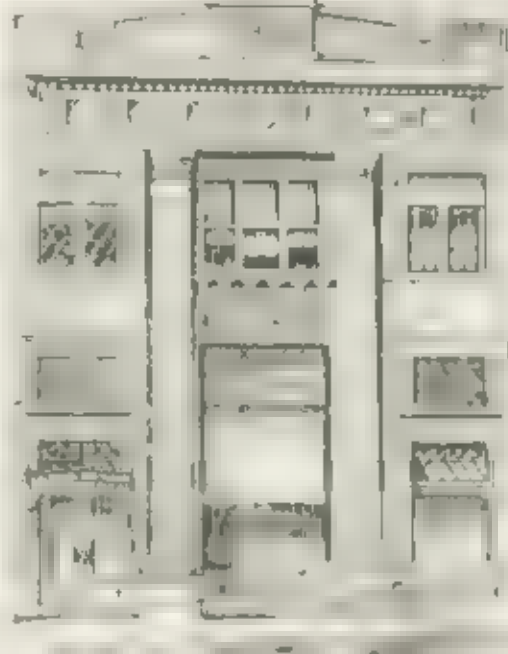
Vice-President

CHAS. J. MERZ

Cashier

L. C. CRANDALL

Asst. Cashier



## DIRECTORS

S. E. BEACH

H. J. PELTON

E. R. WERSTER

M. B. ARMSTRONG

E. D. SEELEY

CRAMER SMITH

CHAS. J. MERZ

**Your Banking Business, Whether of  
Large or Small Volume is  
Cordially Invited**

You'll Find Courteous, Competent Officials Always at Your  
Service for Counsel or Assistance.

## The Pontiac Savings Bank

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS.....\$ 300,000.00

ASSETS OVER.....\$1,000,000.00

**The Bank Where You Feel at Home**

**SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES FOR RENT.**

**IRA GREEN**

**JOHN GREEN**

## **THE PREST-O-LIGHT CO., (Inc.)**

**SERVICE STATION**

**The World's Largest Makers of Dissolved Acetylene.**

—O—

**Storage Batteries for Lighting, Starting and Ignition.**

**We have a battery for your car.**

**OUR SPECIALTY—Oxy-Acetylene Welding.**

**Acetylene Gas, New and Rental Storage Batteries.**

—O—

**109-112 S. SAGINAW ST.**

## **CHASES**

### **GROWS WITH PONTIAC**

**(Successors to the General Stores Co.)**

—O—

**Dry Goods, Ladies' Ready-to-Wear, Infants' Wear,  
Men's Furnishings, Shoes for everybody, Millinery,  
Housefurnishing Department in basement. Gro-  
ceries and Meats in basement. The CHASE idea  
in every department: "Not HOW MUCH, but HOW  
CHEAP, can every article be sold for?"**

**O  
GOODS DELIVERED FREE TO ANY  
PART OF THE CITY.**

# **Campbell & Hood**

## **CHOICE MEATS**

— 0 —

Fresh Dressed Poultry a Specialty.  
Pickles, Olives, Cottage Cheese, Oleo, Catsup, etc.

16 E. HURON ST.,

OPPOSITE BOARD OF COMMERCE  
PHONE 292

# **McVEAN & REEVES**

**ELECTRICAL CONTRACTORS**

Fixtures and Supplies, American Electrical Heating Devices,  
Edison Mazda Lamps.

— 0 —

Agents for Western Electric Motors.

— 0 —

Opposite Board of Commerce

20 EAST HURON STREET

PHONE 73-W

EVERYTHING  
BACK BUT  
THE DIRT

OLDEST  
AND  
BEST

# **Pontiac Steam Laundry**

PHONE 347

81 N. SAGINAW ST.



## **Groomes Confectionery**

11 N. Saginaw St.

—O—

Fresh Home - Made  
CHOCOLATES and  
BON BONS.

—O—

Special Creams and  
Fruit Ices.

O

Apollo Chocolates  
and  
Morse's Chocolates.

## **Fred N. Pauli**

O

Fine  
GRADUATION GIFTS  
In All Styles of  
GOLD AND SILVER.

O

## **Fred N. Pauli**

28 W. Huron St.

## **Nash and Chevrolet Passenger Cars**

—AND—

## **Trucks**

—O—

## **H. P. HILL**

MODERN GARAGE

18-52 N. PERRY ST.

PHONE 70

## Why Pay More?

Buy your Paint of us and save  
the Dealer's profit.

The

**Pontiac Paint  
Mf'g. Co.**

Sells  
**DIRECT FROM FACTORY  
TO YOU  
AT  
WHOLESALE  
PRICES.**

# Senhoffs

Men's Outfitter.

—O

**ALWAYS THE NEWEST  
IN EVERYTHING.**

O

**31 N. Saginaw St.**

## Gift Jewelry for Commencement

A Diamond for Her

A Watch for Him—

A gift that is permanent and enduring represents a sentiment that increases with the years. The name of Hugh Connolly and Son on your gift carries with it the added prestige of over a quarter of a century's unusual quality and service.

**The Birthstone Gift Shop**

*Hugh Connolly  
and Son*

**12 NORTH SAGINAW ST.**

Exclusive  
Designs in  
Silver

Diamonds  
Watches  
Jewelry

**Detroit Store, State and Griswold**

**LOOK**

**TO OUR WINDOWS FOR THE LATEST STYLES IN  
SNAPPY SUITS, HATS, SHOES, ETC., ETC.**

**PONTIAC CLOTHING CO.**

**Bicycles  
Bicycle Supplies**

**Guns  
Ammunition**

**A. E. CHEAL**  
**23 EAST LAWRENCE STREET**

**Fishing Tackle  
Silk Lines**

**Sporting Goods  
of All Kinds**

**B. W. Donaldson & Co.**

**“BUY IT OF US.”**

**TELEPHONE 408**

BUY THRIFT STAMPS

# Board of Commerce

BUSINESS MEN'S LUNCHEON

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF DINNER PARTIES

O

Have You Tried Our Sunday Table-de-Hote Dinner?

Howard F. Lamson

Elmer Sibra

George E. Vogel

## SERVICE GARAGE

OLDSMOBILE AND REO SERVICE STATION

Radiator Repairing, General Automobile Repairing,  
Storage and Supplies.

57 NORTH PERRY ST.

PHONE 647



# Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

In busy cities or the country, the FORD is a favorite among motor cars. There are strong reasons why half the buyers of America demand FORD cars. They have proved their worth under the most trying conditions in all parts of the world.

People buy FORD cars because they know what they have done and will do. They have become one of the every-day necessities.

AUTHORIZED SALES AND SERVICE

32-34-36 West Pike St.

Phone 1227

Pontiac, Mich.

## Hammond & Judd

Headquarters for

HART SCHAFFNER

& MARX

GOOD CLOTHES

—O—

STETSON and IMPERIAL

HATS

O

FINE FURNISHINGS

J. L. Reed

G. C. Greer

## Willard

New Service Station.

—O—

We Sell and Rent Batteries.

Re-Charging, Repairing.

Vulcanizing.

O

41 W. Pike St.

Phone 966-J

## **Willis Leisenring, B. S.**

Pharmacist

DRUGS, KODAKS AND PHOTO-  
GRAPHIC SUPPLIES

—O—

Fine Candies and Perfumes,  
Swim Caps and Sporting Goods.  
Kodak Films developed for  
10 cents per roll, any size.

—O—

**THE REXALL STORE,**  
88 S. Saginaw St.

## **Archie McCallum**

Dealer in

**Gold and Silver Watches, Dia-  
monds, Jewelry, Etc.**

—O—

Fine Watch Repairing  
a Specialty.

—O—

19 South Saginaw St.  
Pontiac, Mich.

## **Cafe Kenwood** and **Self Serve**

"Where the Best People Dine"

---

## **Kenwood Hotel**

## **EXPERT** **Repair Service**

—O—

On Any Make of Car.

—O—

BRING YOUR CAR TO US  
IF YOU WANT PROMPT SER-  
VICE.

**THORNTON'S GARAGE.**

Osman Bldg., Rear of Court House

Phone 170-J



# Pressing Repairing

—O—

ABSOLUTELY ODORLESS DRY CLEANING

FREE AUTO DELIVERY

Phone 305

12 W. Pike

IF YOU DESIRE THE LATEST BOOKS AND NEWEST

Go To

## Brown Brothers

We Have One of the Most Complete Lines of Books,  
Magazines, Stationery, Wall Paper, Etc.

—O—

"HIGH SCHOOL EDUCATIONAL CENTER"

—O—

26 N. Saginaw Street

DEALER IN HUDSON AND OAKLAND CARS

## Huron Garage

Huron and Wayne Sts.  
Phone 893

## Standard Garage

147-157 S. Saginaw St.  
Phone 389

**E. B. HODGES, Proprietor**

PONTIAC, MICH.

EXPERT REPAIRING AND ACCESSORIES

**Dry Goods,  
and Notions,**

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S

**Ready-to-Wear  
Goods**

**BEATTIE & SACHSE**

49 S. Saginaw St.

**Meet Rappy**

**Dress Snappy**

—O—

Ready-to-Wear Clothing for  
the entire family.

Charge It—Pay Later.

—O—

***National***  
CREDIT CLOTHING CO.

10 N. Saginaw St.



## Let the Economy Save You Money

ON YOUR SUMMER  
FOOTWEAR.

— O —

Style and Quality at  
Low Prices.

— O —

ECONOMY CUT PRICE  
SHOE STORE.

## Fowler Drug Co.



4 N. SAGINAW ST.  
Phone 69

## WHEN YOU THINK OF Good Clothes

— VT —

### Honest Prices

THINK OF



37 N. Saginaw Street  
PONTIAC, MICH

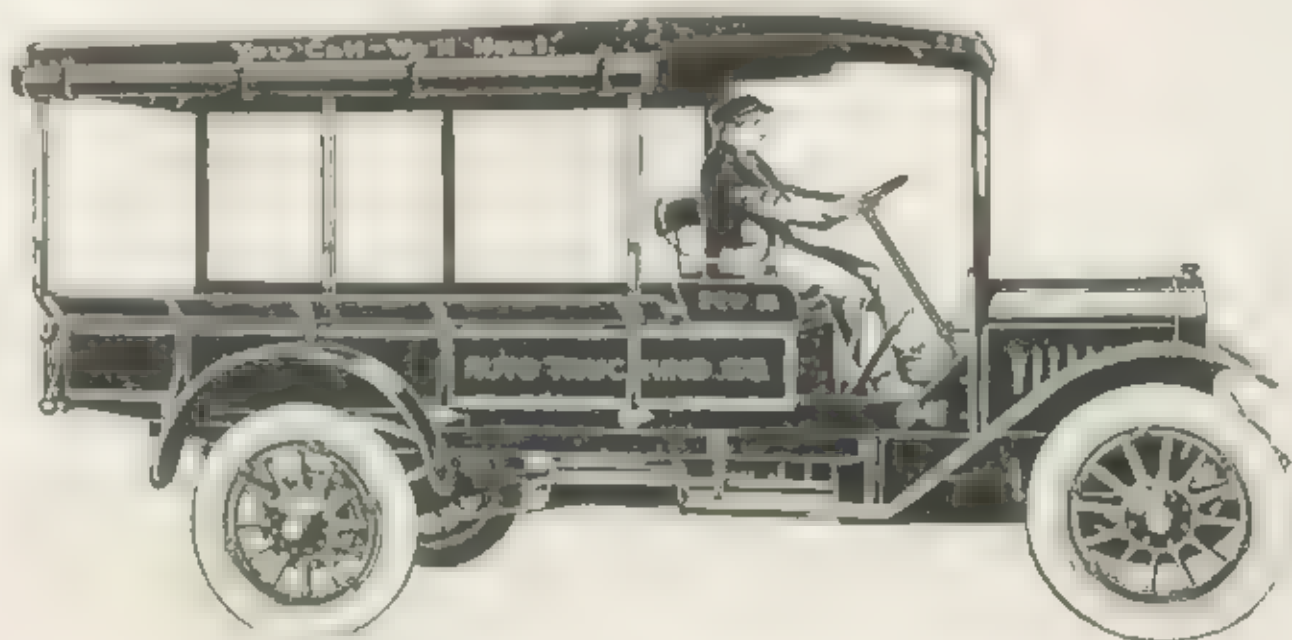
## Patriotic Women

Will make wonderful dresses  
from these pretty new cottons

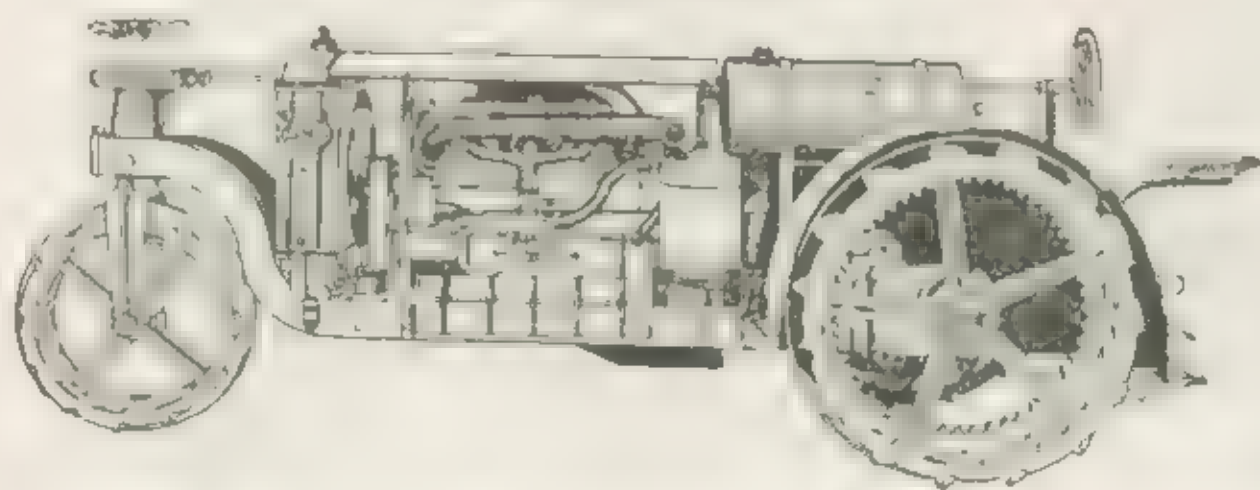


VOILES  
GINGHAMS  
ZEPHYRS  
PIQUES  
POPCIN  
CRIPES  
PERCALES  
CHAMBRAYS  
ORGANDIES  
WAISTINGS  
SUTTINGS  
AND MANY  
NOVELTIES

P. H. Struthers & Co.



GMC Trucks are helping the boys  
in the camps and at the front



GMC Farm Tractors are helping in the larger production of food  
for the Army.

**General Motors Truck Co.**

**Pontiac, Mich.**

## Dry Goods

The Best at Lowest  
Prices

—

CARPETS,

RUGS and

CURTAINS

—

**Church & Linabury**  
12 N. Saginaw Street

*or the Best and Latest*

*Ice Cream  
Soda Drinks*

Go to

**KEYSER'S**

FOR JUNE

## GRADUATES

—

YOUNG LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

We have been looking forward to this great event in your lives with as much preparation as you have. Accordingly, we are now ready to take care of your footwear needs by a special consignment of such shoes and slippers as you will want.

—

**Henry W. Pauli**

"The Walk-Over Shoe Store"

47 N. Saginaw St.

Louney's  
Chocolates

Always Delicious

*J. L. Marcero & Co.*

Distributors

PONTIAC, MICH.



# DETROIT PHOTO ENGRAVING

COMPANY

MAZ PROTHESSE OPT. ET. PS.

HIGH QUALITY

WILLIS EDWARDS

34160 FORT ST. W.

DETROIT, MICH.



# EAMES & BROWN



**SANITARY PLUMBERS**  
**and Heating Engineers**

---



Phone 688

42 East Pike Street



Play America's thrilling war songs, new and old, in your home each day. Sing the songs of victory—the ones to which our boys are marching on their way "over there." Let your fireside ring with them.

**Allen Book Store**

103 N Saginaw St.



*E. E. Bishop Printing Company*

*10-15-36*

*A Friend to School Activities*



**C. M. PRYNE**

**I. G. PRYNE**

# **Pryne's Garage**

**PONTIAC, MICH.**

**Repairs and Accessories**

**We adjust all Motor Troubles**

**237 S. Saginaw Street**

**Phone 266**

# Pontiac High School

**Prepares for Technical Schools.  
Prepares for Colleges and Universities.  
Prepares for Life.**

**FINELY EQUIPPED LABORATORIES**  
(Physical, Chemical, Biological)

---

**AN EXCELLENT COURSE IN PHYSICAL CULTURE.**

**COMPLETE COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT**

**A CORPS OF TEACHERS** who are Specialists in their Respective Departments.

**NON-RESIDENT PUPILS ADMITTED** on Commissioner's Diploma.

**CREDIT GIVEN** for Work in Tenth and Eleventh Grade Schools.

---

## **GRAMMAR AND PRIMARY GRADES**

Manual Training in first eight grades and high school, including Weaving, Sewing, Basket-making, Woodwork and Bent Iron Work. Courses in Cooking and Sewing for the Girls, and Shop Work for the Boys. Excellent instructions in Drawing — special attention being given to drawing from life and nature, to original designs, and to Mechanical Drawings—Music, Kindergarten. Thorough instructions in the essentials—Arithmetic, Reading, Writing, Geography and History.

---

For Announcement, Course of Study, Etc., write to  
**G. L. JENNER, SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS**  
**Pontiac, Michigan**

# Red Comb Poultry Feed

---

Up-to-date Poultry Utensils

Gold Fish and Globes

Birds and Cages

Bird Seed, Etc.

Everything for Dogs and Cats

Incubators and Brooders

Seeds.

---

## TASKER

20 W. Huron St.





## Alumni

(Deceased members indicated by asterisk)

## Class of 1867

FLA GAYLORD GILLIS  
MAGGIE HUBBELL SIBLEY  
CHARLOTTE TYLER  
ADDIE JENNELLE MORRIS\*  
EMMA J. COMSTOCK\*  
RICHARD HUDSON (Prof. U. of M)\*  
CHARLES CHANDLER (Prof. Chicago Univ.)

## Class of 1869

MARY RIPLEY\*  
SARAH McCARROLL (Asst. Prin. P.H.S.)\*

## Class of 1872

ENOCH M. HEEFRE  
ELLA M. CRISSEY TWINING  
ARTHUR J. TRIPP  
ALICE P. MYRICK REYNOLDS  
JOSEPH O. RIPLEY

## Class of 1873

FLORIS A. BARBOUR (Prof. Ypsil Normal)  
HATTIE L. BEACH (OUNSBURY)  
LUCY H. CARPENTER\*  
MINNIE E. CHANDLER CARVER  
LYA CHANDLER  
LOUIS CROFOOT  
JOHN S. CROMBIE\*  
CLOEY DAWSON  
MERRY LEIGHTERNESS  
WILLIAM McCARROLL  
EMILY E. WEST  
FRANK A. WEST\*

## Class of 1874

VA ADAMS  
 BELLE BECON  
 GEORGE S. FISCHER  
 HOWARD KING  
 FRANCIS L. ROY KOHLER  
 BELLE MANNING HERRINGTON  
 GEORGE McCALLUM  
 ADDIE L. MURRAY CHANDLER  
 SALLIE MYRICK MEAD  
 HARRY MYRICK  
 GRACE PALMER  
 W. N. ELLIPS  
 M. L. SHAW  
 FRANK FERRY  
 J. A. R. WEBSTER  
 NEWTON WEIST

## Class of 1875

E. C. CHANDLER SHADBOLDT  
 K. E. BEACH GRAY  
 C. TON B. GRAY  
 M. O. C. S.  
 FANNIE KUDNER  
 W. MORRIS  
 C. A. NORTON WILD  
 O. L. M. SMITH ARSTMAN

## Class of 1876

JOHN DEWEY  
WATSON COWLEY  
ALICE RENCH MEMPHAN  
ALICE CARBUTT  
GARY NEWMAN  
LUCAS STICKISS  
ALLIE WELCH  
ROBERT LYNNA  
HILLYN AKER NABURY  
HENRY KAWA  
VICTOR THOMSON  
MAY WOODWARD

## Class of 1877

HATTIE ADAMS FOX  
MAY BARNES HUDSON  
W C BELL

W. C. ELLIOTT  
MARY GRAHAM  
ELLA GREEN  
BELLE HARRIS BRONSON  
A. J. HEMINGWAY  
W. C. HILL  
FRANKIE HUMPHREY MAYNARD  
K. D. HARGER  
LILLIE RIPLEY  
CHARLES E. NEWBURY  
MARY D. SHAW McLEAN  
PHERE SHERMAN HALL  
O. STILSON TANNER  
ELLA WEBB TICE  
WILLIAM WILSON PAGE  
EVA WOODWARD PARKER

## Class of 1878

GARRETT CANNON\*  
WILL CHANDLER  
H. I. DAVIS  
MARY DAWSON ELLIOTT  
JOHN F. GILBERT  
CHAS. FROST  
JOHN GRANT\*  
EFFIE HARRIS\*  
T. HILL  
FLORA McCONNELL BUTTS  
MARIE McDONALD BARGER  
ROBERT QUINN\*  
SARAH TAFT HILL  
FLORA WILLIAMS  
W. WILSHIRE

### Class of 1879

ELTA BENJAMIN MILLIS  
 FLORA BENTON MARTIN  
 LUCY BUTTOLPH GERLS  
 INA B CURTIS CHANDLER  
 EMMA GERARD ADAMS  
 MINNIE GOODRICH  
 P B HALL  
 CARRIE HENDERSON RYAN  
 LOTTIE HUMPHREY FITCH\*  
 MARCUS JEWELL\*  
 MAGGIE LYNN ANDERSON  
 LUCY B NEWTON  
 EDNA NOTT  
 NELLIE NOTT STEWART  
 EMMA SIBBEY COLVIN  
 SARAH TREADWAY LANSING

## Class of 1880

[illegible]

**Class of 1881**

JULIA CANNON  
JULIA CROMBIE GOULD  
JANET DAWSON HEITSCHE  
JAMES H. DAWSON  
WILL DENISON

ELIZA KING  
FEMMA ORMSBY CLEVELAND  
1811-1800  
1 ROCKLAND ST. SUPER  
RANK 1-1  
CL. W. B. ROCKEY

## Class of 1882

DWIN ALLISON  
HENRY ALLISON  
JONAS BENJAMIN  
GEO BRODIE  
W A DAWSON  
AL M CRACKEN  
SAM MAHAN  
EUGENE AN MOULF  
JOHN WARD  
JOHN HOFFMAN  
JAMES LAYTON  
JOHN LAYTON  
JOHN WATERS  
WEBB McLEOD  
LUCK WELCH

## Class of 1883

ELIZABETH CRAWFORD WINDIA  
WILL HARRIS  
MARY KING  
MARY LE ROY HATCH  
EVELYN LOOK NAGGENAST  
EDWARD A. MERRITT  
EVA MORRIS TROWER  
MAGGIE NOR  
EMMA PA  
THOMAS  
MARY VOORHEIS POOL  
WILL WALTER  
FRED B. WINOM

## Class of 1884

AUGUSTA BALDWIN CHRISTIAN  
GEORGE BOSTWICK\*  
MAY COWDEN  
JAMES J. COYNE  
JOHN L. OZ  
KITCHEN HOWELL  
LOOMIS  
S H I  
R PARSHALL  
BRY  
I SMITH  
WEBB HEALY SEELEY

## Class of 1885

ALICE BIRD  
AGGIE BIRD HICHMONI  
NORA HIXON ANDERSON  
BIRD TURNER  
DELL WALDO FOWERS

## Class of 1886

ETTA BEACH CAMPBELL  
ELIOTA BROWN  
ELIZABETH CROFOOT  
LUNA CURTIS CHURCH  
GEORGE DRAKE  
LANCIE EARL ADAMS  
CLAS FISHER  
LE GROW FOX  
LEIGHTBODY  
LA NEWTON  
NEWTON NOTT  
OTIS SEVERANCE  
HARLES TAFT  
TODD  
TYLER KNON  
VANA V. URENN PERKINS  
PHELBE M. VOORHEIS RANDALL  
EMMA WEBSTER VAN BUSKIRK

## Class of 1887

BERTHA ALLISON STEVENS  
 CAROL D ANDERSON\*  
 EVELYN CLARK  
 ROSEMARY PHILLIPS  
 MARIE GLENDENNING  
 FRANCES GALBRAITH HARRIS  
 MAY HARRISON ROCKWELL  
 ROSE LORTON\*  
 HELEN L E ROY MONROE  
 MAUDE MCGREGOR VAN DEVENTER  
 JAMES MCCrackin

KAY MORGANS MORELL  
CARA O'RILEY INCH  
CAMMI KIKER  
LIZZIE RUSSELL  
LUCKY SNOWDON  
ANNIE LLOYD  
ALICE SMITH  
LIZZIE CRANNA  
ADRIAN WAGONER  
RUBY WINOM  
BURT MORONEY

## Class of 1888

JAMES BIGELOW  
JENNIE BOSTON  
JOHN COWLEY  
JOHN DAWLEY  
JOHN DEWEY  
JOHN F. LEE  
JOHN H. LEE  
JOHN KELLY MILLIS  
JOHN MATTISON LAMBERTSON  
JOHN NEWTON  
JOHN OSMUN SCOTT  
JOHN STEVENSON  
JOHN TAYLOR  
JOHN WILKINS

## Class of 1889

[illegible]

## Class of 1890

EUGENE C. J. J.  
W. B. ANDERSON  
EMMA BACHMAN  
LUCY BACHMAN  
JAY BRUCE  
MARY DAWSON DALY  
MABLE M. DUNLAP  
OLIVER EART  
EDITH LE BARON DRAKE  
MINNIE McKEAND ALLEN  
IDA FERR  
CHARLOTTE POUND  
LILLIAN WEBSTER  
MARY L. WEBSTER  
LORA M. WINDIATI

## Class of 1891

JAMES CLARK HOWARTH  
 JAMES CUMMINGS  
 JAMES HINCLEY MOORE  
 JAMES FOSSIER STRUTHERS  
 JAMES HUSTON  
 JAMES JOHNSON  
 JAMES LE ROY  
 JAMES MCCARROLL  
 JAMES R. MCCARROLL  
 JAMES ROUNDE CLARK  
 JAMES TYLER ANDERSON

## Class of 1892

JOHN ALLISON  
ANNA BELGER  
WILLIS BUTTOLPH  
JAMES BURKE  
CHARLES CARPENTER  
WILL HARRISON  
KATTIE HICKEY  
MARY MCGINNIS  
CHARLES MALLAN  
JAMES OWEN STANTON  
JAMES THORPE  
JAMES MCGINNIS LESSITER  
JAMES SMITH  
JAMES DOUGLAS  
JAMES W.  
JAMES S. LEE

CAROL FORER HOOKINS  
MAX FITZGERALDS  
DONA HOOKER  
ALICE HARRISON FRASER  
JOE WILLIAMS  
MAX LE BARON  
JAMES LE ROY  
CAROL LEE  
JOE LEE  
NOEL LEE  
MAX LINDEN  
ALICE LINDEN  
MAX LINDEN  
ALICE LINDEN  
MAX LINDEN  
ALICE LINDEN

ALBERT MAN  
HARRY LEVY PERSON  
FANNIE L. LEE  
CLARA DEARGER  
MARIE L. DEAN  
MARTIN L. WAYBURN  
COLLINS ANTON BLACKSTONE  
MARIE VOORHEIS WOOD  
IRIS SYLVANCE  
ALEXANDER M. REA  
HOBART CORWIN  
CLYDE ELWOOD  
GERTRUDE EAGLE HICKLEY  
MAE HARRIS  
ABBIE HILL RANDELL  
RAYMOND L. LYONS  
PARK LYONS\*  
AGNES MCCOTTER SNOOK  
LEILA MCCOTTER  
JEANNETTE ROSBY LYONS  
MINNIE SMITH

JOHN HERRIDGE.  
LENA HIRD  
ALICE BURKE  
HARRY CHAWFORD  
PEARL CUMMINGS  
FRANCIS CUMMINGS ROBERTS  
ALICE CURTIS  
LULIA CURTIS  
SARAH DAVIS  
IDA MAE DURKEE  
GEORGE GIBSON  
LULA GRIER  
LYA HILLMAN JOHNSON  
JERUDE JENNINGS  
MRS. ED. KEITH  
SARA E. LE BARON  
CAYIN McCARROLL  
WILL NORTH  
JACKSON OWEN STANTON  
ALICE TILTON  
CELEST PARKER  
RENA RAYMOND  
VERA TODD HARGER  
VON WEBSTER SHARP  
SUSIE VOORHEES DAWSON

LULA BECKER  
 J. A. BIGELOW  
 W. L. CROSBY  
 CRAIG FOSDICK  
 HARRY GOING  
 KAYE HALL  
 MARY HOUSTON  
 KATE JONES WHITEFIELD  
 KATE JEWELL ORR  
 CLARA LILL ROBINSON  
 BRUCE MATTISON  
 CLYDE McGEY  
 CLETIA PARK  
 OLIVE EDWARDS  
 MYRTLE NOVAK SMITH  
 CLARA STEWART  
 JOHN SNOOK  
 MARY E. ELLIOTT SMITH  
 GEORGE KILPATRICK  
 MAY WATKINS

FRIDG. THOMPSON  
JAMES L. WILSON  
E. Z. SAWYER STOCKWELL  
PETER HARRIS  
CLAYTON  
HOWARD S. LEE  
MAX MINER  
FRED C. LOM

### Class of 1899

### Class of 1900

## Class of 1902

## Class of 1903

EDITH ANDERSON BARWELL



LILIAN ANTHONY  
 GEORGE BARWELL  
 EDWIN BEACH  
 GRACE BREWSTER THOMAS  
 CHARLES CHAPMAN  
 EUSTACE CLARK  
 ROYAL CLIFTON  
 WALTER CLIFTON  
 ADA F. CLIFTON  
 WILL FENNINGS  
 MATT O'DEA  
 BESSIE RICHARDSON  
 WILLIAM STAFFORD  
 CHARLES SMITH  
 LEO THOMAS

## Class of 1904

MAY PRENTICE PARKER  
EVA WEBSTER BROWN  
MAY HOLSER HARGER  
WILLIAM SATER PARDEE  
JOHN C. CLOONAN  
JAMES D. JONES  
LEONARD W. JONES  
MASON GARY  
ROY SUTTON  
JOHN D. SMITH

## Class of 1905

RENA ANDERSON  
 RUSSIE BAUM SMITH  
 FENNIE BREWSTER PARKER  
 MAMIE BERGE ADAMS  
 IENA CALLOW WALTON  
 INEZ CRILL  
 MILDRED CRILL RANDALL  
 JOHN DE CONICK  
 RAY DAVIS  
 EVA DEWEY TERRY  
 LAURA EFFERTS  
 BEATRICE FULMER YOUNG  
 MILDRED GARVAL  
 EDITH GILLOE RODGERS  
 ELMER GRAY  
 HOWARD GREEN  
 GRACE HEITSCH  
 BECK KNIGHT  
 EUGENE KENNEDY  
 LOUISE KILPATRICK  
 LEO KILPATRICK  
 LILLIAN KILPATRICK  
 CLARA KILPATRICK  
 MARY KILPATRICK  
 CLARA KILPATRICK  
 KILPATRICK  
 CLARA KILPATRICK  
 CLARA KILPATRICK  
 CLARA KILPATRICK  
 CLARA KILPATRICK  
 CLARA KILPATRICK

## Class of 1906

ELVA ANDREWS  
 FLORENCE ANDREWS  
 HESSIE ANFORD  
 WILL BACKENSTOF  
 GEORGIA BACON WOOLFENDEN  
 MAY BASSETT  
 VINCENT BORER  
 GEORGIA BONDAGE SEELEY  
 BESSIE CARPENTER  
 MARY CARPENTER  
 AARON CHAPMAN  
 CELIA COLVIN PEARL  
 RUTH COLVIN McADAMS  
 ELIZABETH CRAWFORD  
 MAUR DEWEY  
 CLARENCE DONALDSON  
 ALBERT E. GORNER McCALL  
 EDNA E. G. LEVIN  
 CAROL FOSDICK  
 ROBERT HEITSCH  
 BERT HILSTON QUINN  
 GEORGE JACOBS  
 ALVA KEN  
 THEL MANSIE  
 GEORGE MAXWELL  
 L. S. ROFE YOUNG  
 CLARENCE SUTLEY  
 ENZO SEAFER  
 ELVA SMALLEY STORM  
 GENEVA STUART  
 BESSIE STULL  
 MARGUERITE WISNER WARD

## Class of 1907

IRINI ALLISON GERLS  
GLENNIE BONDAGE

GLADYS BONDAGE  
MARGARET BONDAGE PEPPER  
EDITH COLE  
ALVA COLE ARD  
HILDA COREY  
GEORGE CRAMM  
OLIVE DEWEY  
IRLNE DE CORNICK  
JACOBETT DOUGLAS  
SARA DINK  
SARA DINK  
HARRY DUNFORD  
ELTON GARMAN  
MYRA GILLOW GREEN  
ISABELLE TSCHEMERER  
MYRA HODGE  
LOUIE HUFFMAN PARDEF  
CLAUDE HUNNAWELL  
RUTH JACOBS REMINGTON  
WENNERED JENNINGS  
FLANORE KNIGHT LUGG  
LOUIE LOONEY  
CHARLES MCKIBBEN  
ETHEL McHENRY  
MAY MORRIS  
FLOYD PARDEF  
FLORENCE SEELEY SELDON  
ARTHUR SELDON  
MARK SHATTUCK  
STANDISH SIBBEY  
HARRY YOUNG

## Class of 1908

EUGENE DERRAGON\*  
MAY B. DERRAGON  
VERA DONALDSON ROWLEY  
WM. J. FARRELL  
MARK R. FISHER  
MARY A. GIDDINGS MERZ  
RUTH E. HALL BROWN  
LUELLA HERRIMAN  
R. WALTON HOGUE  
FRED HOGLE  
LULA HOLSER  
HAROLD HUGHES  
LAWRENCE M. JAY  
LADYS R. GENNEY BERNARD  
LENA M. KNIGHT GRAM  
GRACE M. KYLE  
MADE E. MAXWELL  
GRACE M. NORTHRUP  
DONALD S. PATTERSON  
EMMA PETERS  
WINNIFRED REED SIBLEY  
CHARLES H. SCHAFER  
GOLDWIN A. SMITH  
DELLA STRUTHERS  
L. ORGE A. SUTTON  
MAY E. SUTTON WEAVER  
E. M. N. L. STANFORD  
CALLIE N. B. STANFORD  
DOROTHY A. SCOTT  
KATHLEEN SCOTT  
RAZELLE SEELEY  
LADYS R. TURNER MacCLEMENT  
LADYS R. VAN AUKEN  
LILLIAN WEBSTER

## Class of 1909

CANNAN  
 CANNAN  
 CHAZ BAZZ  
 CHILTON  
 CANNOWIN  
 MACAN  
 KOB  
 T. BROWN  
 CRAWL  
 M. CR  
 WILBUR CRO  
 EMAN CRU  
 FRANK DA FOF  
 MARCIA DAVIS RANNEY  
 ROSE DAWSON SLEFMAN  
 WAK  
 LAKESIDE  
 E. E. GREGSON  
 A. E. HARPER  
 T. E. HARRIS GREGORY  
 CHARLES HUBBARD  
 HUN  
 GEAR  
 JOHNSON  
 HELEN KISS  
 JORRELL  
 HODGE  
 CATHRIN  
 JOHN MARTIN  
 EDWARD MOSMAN  
 MARIORIE NOISEN BISHOP  
 REULAH PALMER

N. RICHMOND  
 G. DLOE ROGERS  
 L. LIA SMITH  
 MARJORIE STRUTHERS WILKINSON  
 M. E. THOMPSON  
 MAMIE THOMSON  
 R. D. VICKERS COLTON  
 P. LAH WALTER  
 HARRY WINKLER  
 FLOSSIE WICKWARD WALKER  
 NORMAN WOODRY  
 NELLIE WOODWARD LEMON

### Class of 1910

ARCHIE ALLEN  
HOWARD ALLEN  
FANNIE AUSTIN McKEE  
LEO BEAUDETTE  
ESTELLE BARLING  
HAROLD BLACKWOOD  
BRUCE BROMLEY  
MILDRED BUCHNER  
JONE BURCH  
JILL C. H. T.  
RUTH COOMER\*  
MATTHEW DANTON  
AZALIA FLAGLER  
EDNA GREGORY  
FLORENCE HAGLE  
ESMA HARGER GREEN  
RUTH HARGER ALLEN  
PAULINE HARGER  
BERYL HOLLWAY  
HENRY HILL  
MARGUERITE HOGLE  
MYRNA HUNTOON  
FLORENCE HUBBARD  
EENA KIDNER  
JOHN LEGGETT  
AGNES LYNCH  
DONALD McDONALD  
EARL RANNEY  
GLADYS ROFF  
STANLEY REYNOLDS\*  
JESSIE ROYAL HARRIS  
FRANK STULL  
CLARENCE STRING  
VIDA SWARTHOUT  
WALTER TEPFENING  
RUTH TREGENT  
PEARL WALTON  
CHARLES WHITEFIELD  
HAZEL WICKWARE DOTY  
MAMIE CHAPMAN

### Class of 1911

LYLE ARNOLD  
 HELEN AXFORD  
 VICTOR BURCH  
 HENRY BACON  
 WM BLACKWOOD  
 AVIS BLAKESFEL  
 FRANCES BURCHELL  
 LILLIAN CARTER PREVETTE  
 HARRY COTCHER  
 FLOYD CRILL  
 ESTHER COLEMAN  
 KATHLEEN DE CONICK  
 JONIE DODD  
 BILL FARMER KEMP  
 ELLA FENN  
 LARRY C FINK  
 CLARA S FOWLER  
 MILDRED FETSCHOW  
 MAY GERMAN BEARDSLEE  
 MARLE GRAVES  
 CLAYDS HILL  
 LE GRAND HILL  
 HELEN HEITSCH  
 CATHERINE HOGIE  
 HANNAN HUBBARD  
 EDITH KUDNER MONTGOMERY  
 ELLA LONG  
 RUTH McVEAN GOTTSCHALK  
 WILBUR MacGREGOR  
 DAHUE RIKER  
 CLARA ROBINSON SMITH  
 EDITH ROGERS  
 RUTH ROGERS  
 GLADYS RUTH  
 MABEL SHELLEY REEVES  
 GLADYS SHERMAN AXFORD  
 ESTHER TRAINER  
 ETHEL TYER PARKINSON  
 HAZEL TUBBS GERALDS  
 FLORENCE WILLIAMSON HUBBARD

### Class of 1912

HAZEL ADAMS

LEA ALLEN  
MAURICE BARBOUR  
AGNES BARTING  
RUSSELL BASSETT  
HAROLD BUTTOLPH  
GLEN CAMPBELL  
SUSIE COFFIN  
GOLDIE CONNELL  
EDNA DAVIS  
ZOLLA FARRAR CHUBB  
MAUDE FLAGLER  
ETTA FRIEFMAN  
MAURICE HARRISON  
MARGARET HANSON  
HUBERT HEITSCH  
WILLIAM HEITSCH  
BERNICE HOLLOWAY  
FLORA HORNER  
DONALD HAGUE  
HALE GARNER  
KARL JACKSON  
ADA JOHNSON  
HOWARD MARSH  
VICTOR MCCALL  
VIOLET MCCLELLAN  
DUNCAN McVEAN  
JOHN MONROE  
EMILY NORTHRUP  
ELEANOR PHILLIPS  
HARRY PRALL  
GLADYS PURSER  
JOSEPHINE RANDALL  
DUNCAN RULE  
ELIZA ROBINSON  
TILLA ST. BERNARD  
JOHN SCHEARER  
WILSON TAYLOR  
FRED WALLS  
LUCILE WILSON  
GLADYS WOODFILL RIKER  
BEULAH BROWNING  
RUTH BEARDELEE BEACHMAN

### Class of 1913

CHARLES ANDERSON  
DONALD ARTHUR  
EDNA ARMSTRONG  
OLIVE BUSH  
CARRIE BRADFORD  
JOHN BEAUDIN  
ALICE BAKER  
AIMA BAKER  
DITMAS BROMLEY  
EUGENIA BONDAGE WESTON  
ETHEL BARNES  
VIOLET CRAWFORD  
WRIGHT COLLIER  
GRACE CHRISTIAN  
ANNE CURTIS  
ANNA DICKINSON  
FRANK DOHNER  
CLARENCE EVERETT  
HAROLD FREEMAN  
VIVA HALL  
HORNER HARRI  
HAROLD HAYES  
IRENE HESS  
HELEN HILTON  
MYRA HOOD  
AGNES HODGES  
LOWIN HALLETT  
ORABELLE RICHARD  
PHEBA TENNINGS  
VERA KEYSER  
AGNES LOTIMER  
MARTHA MAURER  
JESSIE MCKENSIE  
LILLIAN NETZORG  
GRANT OLSEN  
STEWART UPENSKI  
DONALD PERKINS  
ALTA PAINE  
PEARL PARKER  
GEORGE PETERSON  
ANGELICA  
IVAN ROSS  
IVAN RENWICK  
ROBERT ROBINSON  
RONALD SELLERS  
JOHN STONE  
ESTHER SWARTZ  
EUGENE TIGON  
THEODORE TIGON  
CHAS. THOMAS  
WALTER THOMAS  
PAUL WOOD  
PAUL WOOD  
ARTHUR WALSH  
MARCELLA WATTS  
LUCY WILLIAMS

TAYLOR VOYLES  
 THOMAS WELSH  
 MARJORIE WILSON  
 FREDERICK RYNDOLDS  
 VIOA ROSS

## Class of 1914

ARCHIE ALLIN  
 FRANCIS BACON  
 MARGARET BACH  
 FRED BLUMMAN  
 ALBERT BARKER ROWLEY  
 ANNA DE CASTLEMAN  
 LOUISE CHRISTIAN  
 STEPHEN COLLIER  
 CECIL COFFEY  
 DOROTHEA COMFORT  
 ESTHER CROHN  
 IRENE DAWSON  
 LEO DE CINIUK  
 RALPH DERRAGON  
 HUGH DICKIE  
 MARY DICKIE  
 PAULINE DOUGLAS  
 KATHERINE FATON  
 EUGENE ELLIOTT  
 BLANCHE HARGRE  
 ESTHER HARTUNG  
 ELLA HARRIS  
 WARREN HOYT  
 CARL HOOD  
 GEORGE HOOD  
 GEORGE HUBBARD  
 GEORGE HUNTER  
 LETA KITCHEN CHEAT  
 GUY LAKE  
 RALPH LUGGILL  
 LARRY MACK  
 IRVING MACK  
 RUSSELL MAYHEW  
 CAROLINE MEANS  
 JULIA ROCKWELL  
 HAROLD SHERMAN  
 EMMA SPEARS  
 LINA STEWART  
 BEULAH STEPHENSON  
 MARGARET TAIT  
 MORRISON TAYLOR  
 ESTHER VAN WAGONER  
 BERNICE WHITE  
 VALE KELLEY  
 BERNICE SMITH  
 ELIZABETH ST. BERNARD

## Class of 1915

EUGENE SMITH  
 DAISY FOWLER  
 PORTER HITCHCOCK  
 GRACE HATHWAY  
 LEWIS CHASE  
 MARION LOONEY  
 PAUL HAGLE  
 ELSIE LEIGHTON  
 CASSETTE PURSER  
 MILTON COLLARD  
 MARY ELLIOTT  
 RUSSIE WOOLFEY  
 MARY BETSCH  
 VARNUM STEINBAUGH  
 GLADYS BLAIR  
 MARGARET MILLIGAN  
 MARJORIE HINMAN  
 LEONARD COFFIN  
 GRACE DERRAGON  
 CATHERINE CASHIN  
 GARIAND ELLIOTT  
 HELEN SNYDER  
 GLADYS STEWART SLY  
 WILLIAM PATTERSON  
 MARIE SNYDER  
 NANCY PORTER  
 VIOLA KERRY  
 GRACE KEASEY  
 CHARLES HODGES  
 ROSELIA BOTTOM  
 IDA CORB  
 MAXIE SLAW  
 ETHEL FINLEY  
 MARIE FAIRMOR  
 WALTER PARK  
 FLORENCE STURMAN  
 GLADYS KNIGHT  
 HAROLD STEPHENS  
 MARION HENSLER  
 OLIVE KLEINER  
 FRED STEINMAN  
 ROY HAMMOND

## Class of 1916

[illegible]

## Class of 1917

AR MILES  
 MARYANN A. ER  
 MAJORIE ELY  
 IRVING RONK  
 IR D BOARDMAN\*  
 DR GLAS CAMERON  
 VERA CAMBREY  
 RUTH BRADLEY  
 MARGARET CASHIN  
 GIBSON COVERI  
 ETHELYN HAYNES  
 EARLE KNEALE  
 KIRBY INGOLDSBY  
 EARL McALLUM  
 GLADYS JOHNSON  
 MURRAY VAN WAGONER  
 MILDRED VAN CAMP  
 HAZEL CAMPBELL  
 MILDRED RICHARDSON  
 REGINALD STRANG  
 EDITH JOHNSON  
 MOULIE PURSER SLATER  
 CLAUDE OSBORNE



MARIE FERGUSON  
MAYNARD A. NEWTON  
HAROLD G. HAINES  
HELEN JOSSMAN  
IRENE SMITH  
MARJORIE HOWARD  
MARTHA KIDD  
KENNETH RYEL  
RUSSELL COWAN  
BEULAH MYERS  
ALBERT SARGENT  
VIOLA VERNIER  
DOROTHY CALLOW  
HILDA DARLING  
JOSEPH JENNINGS  
FLOYD VERNIER  
FRANCIS TOWNSEND  
MARION WELLMAN  
SADIE SUTTON  
MARIE SCHIMMEL  
MARIETTA PELTON  
CHARLES WATSON  
ETHELYN WINKLEY  
MYRTLE WOOLEY  
IRENE BARNES  
MARIETTA SPRING  
ARTHUR LOCKWOOD  
WINONA MOORE  
MYRTLE CLEVELAND  
GLADYS TANNER  
GLADYS COOK  
EVERETTE EDWARDS  
NELLIE MORTON  
NORMA SIMPKINS  
RONALD VAN TASSEL  
EDNA LOCKWOOD  
WARREN KUDNER  
MARION INCH  
WILLIS BAKER  
CLARA BURT  
RAYCHEL BEATTIE  
BESSIE BOARDMAN  
FLORENCE CASEY  
RUTH GRANGER  
JEANETTE MAURER  
ELIZABETH KINNEY  
RHEA WARD

#### Class of 1918

ESTHER RENSHAW  
MARIAN CHAMBERLAIN  
EDWIN KINNEY  
MARIAN PATCH  
HELEN HUBBELL  
MARGARET POOLE  
LUELLE MILLER  
FLORENCE CARROLL  
FLOYD McDOUGALL  
ETHEL LYTLE  
GLADYS FLICKINGER  
MERRITT LILLIS  
ARTHUR FERRAND  
RALPH HUMPHRIES  
ANNA HALLOCK  
HARRIET COLEMAN  
LORRAINE JOHNSON  
HAROLD DECKER  
MARIAN STEVENS  
MILDRED FORSYTHE  
DONALD FILDEW  
KATHERINE BEARDSLEE  
WILSON LYONS  
MARGARET LYNCH  
CLYDE AUTEN  
WINAFRED NEWTON  
MADELEINE HAZELTON  
JAMES C. GUILLOT  
EDITH PERRY  
ALBANY KIRBY  
WILLIAM BUTTOLPH  
HAZEL SNIDER  
BRUCE BUCHANAN  
THONE HARRIS  
FERRIS WALKER  
HELEN ROCKWELL  
MORLEY CAMERON  
GALEN BLAYLOCK  
GEORGIA HARRINGTON  
MINNIE ST. JOHN  
PAULINE SPRING  
CHARLES PORTER  
GRACE DOUGLASS  
PAULINE SHATTUCK  
OLIVE BOARDMAN  
CLARIBEL FERGUSON  
RAYMOND TUBBS  
ERNESTINE FISHER  
GRACE SEARLES

BRUCE ELLIOT  
JESSIE SCOTT  
NAVARRE MARENTAY  
HELEN TAYLOR  
MAURELL BAXTER  
RUTH VAN CAMPEN  
GEORGIA KIMBALL  
RUTH TYRER  
GUY PHILLIPS  
LEONA DAWSON  
EMMA CONROY  
AVERY SHEARER  
HELEN STROUPE  
JEANNE JUDD  
GLADYS HORN  
RUTH ALLEN  
KENNETH SLATER  
PAULINE WEYDEMAYER  
EDNA COBLEY  
ADDIE LAMB  
ELIZABETH HENNING  
IVAN FRENCH  
JANE BAILEY  
NORMA SPRINGER  
MAURICE BOMBAR  
ELIZABETH DAWSON  
ZOE VAN TASSELL  
GLADYS ANSCOMBE  
WILLIAM H. SEELEY  
DONALD YOUNG  
CLYDE TOWNSEND  
STEWART T. BEACH  
ARNOLD SOPER

#### Class of 1919

WINAFRED WEBB  
HELEN CALBERT  
RAY C. MEDDAUGH  
HAROLD CLARK  
JEAN MATTICE  
MARIAN ROGERS  
DAVID PRESTON  
CARMON V. MILLER  
ORPHA HAZELTON  
HELEN COOK  
MARY HOWLAND  
NELLIE HOWARD  
MARY CRAWFORD  
HOMER PORRITT  
WARREN WIXOM  
ALVINA CHISSUS  
WINSTON MATHER  
SINCLAIR DICKERSON  
MILDRED GIBSON  
CATHERINE EWER  
HAZEL BOTTOME  
DORIS TYRER  
LOIS McCALL  
RHEA SCHLAACK  
WILLIAM ARMSTRONG  
ARTHUR KROSS  
LORRAINE TERRY  
HAZEL SUTTON  
LUCILE MILLER  
DOROTHY HANSON  
GLADYS PETTENGILL  
KNELLA SCHRAM  
CELIA WILLIAMSON  
STEWART STROUPE  
DONALD VAN STONE  
RUTH WESTBROOK  
ALICE McKINNON  
FRED HEINECKE  
RUTH BROWN  
JUSTINE HICKS  
MARJORIE CONGDON  
MARIAN WILLETS  
LUCILLE WHITFIELD  
FRED NAGENGAST  
DONALD J. McGAFFEY  
VIVIAN PORRITT  
ETHEL JOHNSTON  
HAROLD ANDREWS  
ALICE HOWLAND  
BEATRICE WETHY  
ISABEL LAWTHFR  
PAULINE BAILEY  
HARRIET BEARDSLEE  
ERWIN POMFRET  
GEORGE BURCH  
JOSEPHINE WALTERS  
EVELYN DENNIS  
ALBERT LINABURY  
LEITHA SCOTT  
MARIAN PATTERSON  
HAZEL BAILEY  
GLADYS TEGGERDINE  
DONALD J. McGOWAN  
C. GRAY ROBERTSON



Class of 1919—Continued

MAURICE M. MOULE  
GLADYS HOSSACK  
RUTH MILLS  
BUELL STARR  
HELEN CHAPMAN  
LOTTIE ANNETTE MILLER  
VIRGINIA POOLE  
CAROL WALTERS  
ELSIE BOYD  
OLIVE ROHN  
THELMA SPENCER  
THOMAS P. BRADFIELD  
MARIE PHILLIPS  
HELEN PERRY  
IRENE HIGH  
MAE RYDER  
MARIAN STEVENS

ESTHER HOYT  
JOHN KERR  
ALICE MacINTOSH  
FANNY BROWN  
HELEN MORGAN  
DONALD J. BAILEY  
HOWARD NOODEL  
JULIA TAFT  
WINIFRED BEATTIE  
LODOWICK JACOBS  
IRENE ROSS  
MARIAN HOLLWAY  
MILDRED LAWRENCE  
JOSEPHINE CORR  
BERNICE LAWSON  
EDWARD LOGIE  
DONALD C. MILLARD  
FLORENCE E. SCOTT





77-64



